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PICKWICK ABROAD;  
OR THE TOUR IN FRANCE:

A SERIES OF PAPERS COMPILED FROM THE PRIVATE NOTES AND  
MEMORANDA OF SAMUEL PICKWICK, ESQ.

CHAPTER VIII.

AN ELEGANT PANTOMIME, VULGARLY CALLED "A LARK," GOT UP AND  
ENACTED BY MR. ADOLPHUS CRASHEM AND MR. TIMS.—A PARTY  
OF GENTLEMEN OBLIGINGLY SUPPLY MR. CRASHEM WITH LODGINGS  
GRATIS.

WHILE the younger members of the party were engaged, as we left them at the end of the preceding chapter, in mirthful conversation, the following dialogue took place between Mr. Pickwick and Mr. Boozie.

"How do you like your quarters?" enquired the former gentleman in the true spirit of philanthropic curiosity. "Have you a comfortable bed-room—and can you manage to sleep in a French bed?"

"Why—to tell you the truth," responded Mr. Boozie, "my bed-room is as comfortable as one could expect in a house like this. No—it isn't, though," exclaimed Mr. Boozie after a momentary pause,—"I'm telling a confounded fib, when I think of it—'tisn't at all comfortable. It looks on the front—and the carriages make such a clattering, I only got ten—no, I didn't, though—I only managed to get two short naps all night."

"How very provoking!" cried the good-natured Mr. Pickwick, swallowing a bumper of claret. "And I can sleep anywhere almost—in the midst of disturbances of every kind—'tis all the same to me!"

"Indeed!" cried Mr. Boozie. "I once knew a man in the West Indies—no, it wasn't, though—I'm again telling a falsehood—'twas in the East Indies, when I recollect—who slept while a whole regiment of English—of Native Infantry, I mean—walked over his body. But which is your room?"

"The one behind your's," answered Mr. Pickwick, who found it

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much more facile to swallow Meurice's claret than Mr. Boozie's tales: "it looks upon the court-yard of the hotel."

"How I envy you!" ejaculated Mr. Boozie.

"I should be most happy to change," observed Mr. Pickwick, emptying his glass, and summoning the waiter for another bottle, to the astonishment of Mr. Tupman, who already saw double, and the horror of Mr. Winkle, who felt a great inclination to deposit himself quietly under the table.

"Really, you are too good," modestly remarked Mr. Boozie: "but if it were not asking too much—"

"Oh! not at all," interrupted Mr. Pickwick. "Say no more upon the subject: I will give orders to Sam, presently, to change our respective trunks, and only hope you will slumber well to-night in your new quarters."

This matter being settled to the mutual satisfaction of the two parties principally interested in the arrangement, the bottle of wine, that had been ordered, was duly dispatched, and the conversation became as general as the exceedingly edifying remarks of Mr. Tupman and the incomprehensible articulations of Mr. Winkle would allow it to be. Mr. Crashem was amazingly talkative, and Mr. Tims endeavoured to persuade his new acquaintances to accompany him to an English tavern, where he would introduce them to a society of gentlemen, principally in the lace-weaving line, called "The Odd Fellows," and would propose Mr. Pickwick as Chairman for the evening. But this handsome and flattering invitation was gratefully declined by Mr. Pickwick, who, in the name of himself and followers, pleaded fatigue as an excuse. The party accordingly broke up at an early hour; Mr. Pickwick, Mr. Boozie, Mr. Tupman, and Mr. Winkle retiring to their respective couches, while Mr. Crashem and Mr. Tims adjourned to the coffee-room to drink brandy-and-water, discuss cigars, and converse on matters the subject of which we shall not intrude upon the reader.

Now it happened that Messieurs Crashem and Tims drank a very considerable quantity of Cognac, smoked a plurality of indifferent havannahs, and seemed to enter upon so excellent an understanding with each other, that, about midnight, when both were rather unsteady upon their pins, they mutually swore they would not retire to bed without having a "lark." They accordingly debated in their own minds what species of "lark" should be adopted as the crowning incident of the evening; and after a variety of propositions and objections, it was unanimously resolved to "tie old Boozie"—an agreeable and innocent amusement, consisting of the simple process of entering clandestinely into a man's bed-room, tying a string round his great toe, and then pulling the said string with about the same force that one uses in ringing a front-door bell.

"Do you know his room, Sug—Crashem, I mean?" enquired Mr. Tims, tossing off the remnant of his brandy-and-water.

"Certainly," responded the gentleman thus interrogated. "Come along—he's sound a-sleep by this time—what a lark we'll have!"

"Won't we?" echoed Mr. Tims; and with these indications of their extreme satisfaction, they ascended the stair-case together, provided themselves with a long piece of whip-cord in Mr. Crashem's chamber, and then proceeded on tip-toe to the front-room where Mr. Boozie

was supposed to be sleeping. The door was not locked—they accordingly entered with stealthy steps—and Mr. Tims succeeded in affixing one end of the string to one of the toes of the individual who occupied the bed, without awakening the intended victim. They then quietly retreated from the apartment, and closed the door with the utmost precaution, while the cord, which passed underneath, was safely retained in the grasp of the facetious Mr. Tims.

“Now for it,” whispered Mr. Crashem; and Mr. Tims gave an energetic pull at the string, which effectually aroused the individual to whose foot it was attached; so much so, that violent cries issued from the room, and threatened to alarm the whole hotel. Messieurs Crashem and Tims precipitated themselves into the chamber occupied by the former gentleman; and Mr. Tupman, aroused by the noise, leapt from his bed, and rushed into the passage, crying “Fire!” with all his might. Mr. Winkle awoke in his turn, and ran out of his room, requesting to be informed what was the matter; when his foot caught in a noose, and he fell gracefully and airily on his nose, while the screams and shrieks from the front bed-room redoubled.

“Heavens! what is the matter, gentlemen?” exclaimed Mr. Adolphus Crashem, suddenly issuing from his apartment, with a countenance expressive of the most signal alarm, just as Mr. Boozie emanated from the very chamber of which the cause of this disturbance had fondly deemed Mr. Pickwick to be the proprietor.

“Treason! robbers! thieves!” shouted Mr. Winkle, in vain endeavouring to disengage himself from the mysterious cord that had entangled itself round his legs.

At this crisis the door of the front bed-chamber was thrown hastily open, and Mr. Pickwick limped forth, uttering most piteous sounds of complaint. To the immortal honour of Mr. Crashem be it noted, that, even to the prejudice of his own “lark,” did he immediately rush forward, trip Mr. Pickwick lightly up in the passage, and cut the cord which surrounded the dexter great toe of that illustrious man. By some strange coincidence, as Mr. Tupman has since declared, Mr. Tims suddenly appeared amongst the confused group, and Mr. Winkle was raised on his legs in the twinkling of an eye.

“Very extraordinary conduct, this!” exclaimed Mr. Pickwick in the deepest indignation.

“Infamous!” shouted Mr. Adolphus Crashem. “If this be the way in which the French treat true-born Englishmen, we’ll soon show them what we are;”—and he immediately assumed a pugilistic attitude, to the great dismay of Mr. Winkle, who retreated quietly to his bedroom.

“Let’s give them a deuced good licking, Sug—Crashem, I mean,” cried Mr. Tims, elevating his fists in imitation of his companion; whereupon Mr. Tupman declared he would come back and help them; but he probably forgot to tender his pledged assistance, as he also returned to his apartment, and buried himself underneath the bed-clothes for the remainder of the night.

“Very singular!” again ejaculated Mr. Pickwick, who was standing in a musing attitude, which was rendered the more interesting and remarkable from the circumstance of his being in his night-shirt.

"I once knew a man," said Mr. Boozie—"no, it wasn't—she was a woman—"

"Never mind, Sir, what you recollect, or what you knew," exclaimed Mr. Pickwick, sternly interrupting the discomfited Mr. Boozie; "but pray let us see, Sir, if you can point out the authors of this most indecent outrage—an outrage, Sir—"

"Not I!" murmured Mr. Boozie; and with these words he imitated the prudential example of Messieurs Tupman and Winkle, and slunk back to his apartment, just as M. Cailliez and a host of waiters made their appearance in the passage. The disturbance now became general. The master of the hotel accused his tenants of creating an unseemly and ungentlemanly noise, to the disrepute and ruin of the respectability of the house. Mr. Pickwick in vain endeavoured to narrate the injuries he had sustained; Mr. Tims called for the Police; and Mr. Crashem kindly offered to fight any half-dozen Frenchmen who chose to step forward. At this crisis a new and not unimportant actor arrived upon the stage, in the shape and guise of Mr. Samuel Weller, who, like the rest, had been disturbed by the noise which issued from the apartments occupied by his revered master and that master's friends.

Mr. Pickwick was endeavouring to explain the nature of the insult he had received, just at the moment when Mr. Weller made his appearance in his breeches and striped waistcoat; and a vague notion of some received wrong was thus conveyed to the mind of that faithful domestic, to whom it did not for one moment occur that any-body but Frenchmen could have been the authors of the offence. Without listening to the merits or particulars of the case, Mr. Weller immediately communicated a violent *impetus*, in the shape of a hard blow, to the body of M. Cailliez; and while that gentleman was in the act of falling over a few of his dependants, Mr. Crashem violently rushed forward, and followed up the advantage already gained by Mr. Weller, by kicking Madame Meurice's deputy playfully down the first flight of stairs, while Mr. Tims discharged at the heads of the astonished waiters all the boots and shoes that were arranged at the several bedroom doors in the passage. The premises were thus immediately cleared of the enemy; and after a few comments upon the strange occurrences of the evening, Mr. Pickwick, Mr. Crashem, Mr. Tims, and Mr. Weller retired each once more to his respective apartment.

The meeting at the breakfast-table on the following morning was gloomy and uncomfortable. Mr. Tupman and Mr. Winkle secretly reproached themselves for having left their venerated leader in the hour of danger, despite of the stimulating but unprophetic lines indited by Mr. Snodgrass, and laid before the reader in a former chapter: Mr. Boozie felt annoyed at Mr. Pickwick's manner and abruptness on the occasion of the disturbance; Mr. Crashem affected sympathy and commiseration; Mr. Tims laughed in the sleeve of his blue coat with brass buttons—and Mr. Pickwick himself was unusually thoughtful and low-spirited. Conjecture, on all sides, in vain endeavoured to affix the authorship of the insult on the devoted head of some audacious culprit; but not a breath of suspicion sullied the fair fame of Messieurs Tims and Crashem.

"I wish I had been there when the fighting began," exclaimed Mr.

Winkle, assuming a menacing air, and clenching his fist with the determined countenance of a gladiator.

" Didn't I give it to that fellow Cailliez ?" enquired Mr. Crashem, blandly appealing to Mr. Tims, who nodded his head in a peculiar manner expressive of assent.

" Pity I missed it !" observed Mr. Tupman ; " for I should have liked to have pitched into some of those French dogs," he added, with a courageous glance at Mr. Boozie.

" Boozie," said Mr. Pickwick, brightening up, when those loyal sentiments met his ear ; " I was somewhat harsh last night—but you should make allowances for the excruciating agony I endured in my great toe." Here Messieurs Crashem and Tims with difficulty suppressed a laugh.—" But, there's my hand, Boozie," continued the noble-minded and generous Mr. Pickwick.

Mr. Boozie grasped the out-stretched hand that was so liberally offered, and a pathetic little piece of tragedy ensued. Mr. Tupman and Mr. Winkle thought it right to shed tears ; Mr. Crashem pinched Mr. Tims on the thigh—and Mr. Tims returned the compliment on Mr. Crashem's ribs ; and all were looking very doleful and very much affected, when the door was thrown open, and M. Cailliez, attended by his two clerks, entered the room.

" What is the matter, now ?" exclaimed Mr. Pickwick, rising from his chair, and putting his hands under his coat-tails, to give a more determined air to his already imposing attitude.

" Sir," said M. Cailliez, very civilly, " I shall say nothing about the ill-treatment I received at the hands of your domestic and friends last evening—"

" You'd better not," interrupted Mr. Winkle, from the opposite side of the table, and glancing round to see if there were not a poker or shovel in his immediate vicinity.

" But," continued M. Cailliez, without deigning to notice this interruption, " I must request, in every possible term of respect, that you suit yourselves with other apartments as speedily as possible."

" Bring the bill !" ejaculated Mr. Crashem ; " and as for staying any longer in your confounded hotel, strike me stupid if I would not sooner be—"

" There are two or three gentlemen desirous of speaking to *you*, Sir, down stairs," quietly interrupted M. Cailliez, addressing himself with a bow to Mr. Adolphus Crashem, who turned pale, hesitated, and held his peace.

" If any one wish to see Mr. Crashem," said Mr. Pickwick, " let him walk up ; and in the course of the morning send me your account. You have only anticipated me in my intentions. Show Mr. Crashem's friends up immediately ;"—and extricating his right hand from beneath his coat-tails, Mr. Pickwick waved it impressively in the air—a signal M. Cailliez, with all the native politeness of a Frenchman, immediately obeyed, retreating from the room, followed by his two clerks, whom he had brought with him, as meet aid, in case of a renewed attack.

" I wonder who it can be," observed Mr. Crashem, somewhat uneasily, when the door had closed behind M. Cailliez and his myrmidons.

" I do not think they could have the impudence to send a gendarme to take you up," said Mr. Pickwick, recalling to mind the adventure of Mr. Weller, at the theatre in Calais.

"Oh ! Arabella ! Arabella !" exclaimed Mr. Winkle in a fit of most unfeigned agony, as he sank into a chair, and proceeded to bury his face in his hands. "But you will be good to her, Pickwick—Tupman—if I should fall ;—you won't desert her ! And if I die—in—in—a land—of—strangers—"

Here Mr. Winkle's voice was lost in sobs ; and at the moment when Mr. Pickwick was about to approach his disconsolate friend, the door again opened, and a quiet procession of four gentlemen, dressed in a variety of garbs, marched into the room.

The first was a stout personage, attired in the extreme of fashion, and decorated with the order of the Legion of Honour. The second was a short, sallow-visaged, sharp-eyed, straight-haired, thin-looking individual, holding a parcel of papers in his hand, and glancing around him with keenness and suspicion. The third and fourth members of this little procession were two seedy-dressed, coarse-visaged, tobacco-smelling vagabonds, with thread-bare coats, boots airily contrived to admit the fresh breezes at the toes, and shirts as dirty as if they had been part of a reversionary interest in the property of a deceased coal-heaver.

"*Parlez-vous Français, Messieurs ?*" enquired the thin gentleman with the papers.

A pause ensued ; and as no reply was given either by the wondering Mr. Pickwick, or his equally astounded companions, the individual who put the above query, made a sign to one of the shabby-dressed gentlemen ; and the said shabby-dressed gentleman immediately disappeared. He returned in a few minutes, accompanied by one of the waiters of the hotel, as an interpreter. This re-enforcement having been obtained, the following conversation ensued through the *medium* of the waiter.

"Is Mr. Adolphus Crashem present?"

"I am the gentleman who bears that name. What the devil do you want with me ?"

"Are you prepared to pay twelve hundred francs, in one instance—three thousand four hundred in another—and two thousand in a third ? the first being a debt contracted by you to a livery-stable keeper in Bond Street, London ; the second to a tailor in Regent Street, of the same city ; and the third to a jeweller in Calais. Here are three bills of exchange, regularly drawn and endorsed, and now in the hands of Messieurs Romanée and Médoc, wine-merchants in Paris. The amount of the whole is six thousand six hundred francs."\*

"Pay ! who the devil talks of paying ?" cried Mr. Adolphus Crashem. "No gentleman ever yet paid a bill at maturity ; and if he had, he would have been caught, ticketed, and put into a museum as a curiosity."

"Then, Sir," proceeded the waiter, "this gentleman"—pointing to him with the riband of the Legion of Honour—"is the Justice of the Peace, attending as a magistrate to see that no force be illegally used on either side ; that gentleman—" indicating the one with the papers—"is a bailiff, duly authorized by the Judge of the Tribunal of First Instance to arrest your person ;—and those men—" waving his hand in the di-

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\* Two hundred and sixty-four pounds sterling.

rection of the two individuals in the dirty shirts—"are the witnesses of the caption, required by law in these cases."

"The devil they are!" cried Mr. Adolphus Crashem; "and as such is their game, if my friends Tims, Tupman, and Winkle, will only assist me, we'll devilish soon rid the room of such unpleasant company."

"I'm ready, for one!" exclaimed Mr. Tims: "so fall to as soon as you like."

"Tupman—Winkle," ejaculated Mr. Pickwick, sternly, "do not attempt to interfere with these gentlemen in the discharge of their duty. We know not the laws of this country, and must not stand the chance of violating any of them."

"Well—I certainly won't, if you wish it," observed Mr. Tupman, from whose mind nothing had been farther absent than the idea of fighting in behalf of Mr. Crashem; "and I'm convinced Winkle will not disobey you."

"No—that I won't," exclaimed Mr. Winkle, recovering for the first time from the state of extreme misery into which he had just now been plunged. "Not but that I would have done my best, though, if Pickwick were agreeable."

"What is to be done, then?" enquired Mr. Crashem, casting a suppliant look at the Pickwickians—or rather at their pockets.

"You had better go to prison at once," said Mr. Pickwick, in a voice tremulous with emotion; "and then we can try and make arrangements with your creditors."

Mr. Crashem expressed his gratitude for the advice, but begged to observe that he strongly suspected "there was a hook at the end of it." Mr. Pickwick acknowledged the compliment, although he did not exactly understand nor appreciate its full value.

"Yes," continued Mr. Pickwick, after a pause; "that will be the better plan; and in a week or two, I have no doubt but that we shall be able to come to a settlement."

"Will you undertake it yourself, old boy?" enquired Mr. Crashem, hastily.

"Forthwith," answered Mr. Pickwick, in a decided manner.

"Then here goes for *quod*," cried Mr. Adolphus Crashem; and he desired the waiter to inform the *huissier* that he was ready to accompany him. The Justice of the Peace then made a polite bow, and withdrew; and the bailiff ordered his witnesses to hasten to Saint Pelagie—or the New Prison, rather—and wait for him and his prisoner in the lobby.

"Had we not better accompany our friend," demanded Mr. Winkle, "just to see him as far as his new quarters?"

"Decidedly," exclaimed Mr. Pickwick, ringing the bell, and summoning Mr. Weller to order a hackney-coach—a commission that was immediately executed; so that the whole party, accompanied by the *huissier*, took immediate possession, outside and inside of the vehicle, and amidst the hootings, shouts, and cries of amazement of the various hangers-on to Meurice's hotel, proceeded towards the Rue de Clichy, with as much hilarity and glee as if their destination were a bridal or christening.

In process of time, the *fiacre* stopped at No. 68, opposite a low

gate-way, in a white free-stone wall, over which might be discerned a meagre quantity of trees, and a very high white building in the rear. The bailiff was the first to descend from the vehicle, and Mr. Pickwick paid the fare, while his companions issued from its recesses, or leapt from the top. They then all proceeded in a body to the iron-barred gate of the prison, across an extensive court, the gates of which were guarded by sentinels, posted at certain intervals. A word from the bailiff, whispered in the ear of the turnkey, speedily caused that functionary to unlock the immense *grille*, and the party was admitted into the lobby, and thence conducted to an extensive apartment adjoining, called the waiting-room, from the window of which was a pleasant and agreeable view of the principal portion of the Debtors' Prison of Paris.

The gaol is built in a quadrangular form, the space circumscribed by its four sides being neatly laid out in a garden and gravelled walks, for the use of the prisoners. There is nothing of that miserable, gloomy, and Newgate-like appearance which so especially characterizes the Farringdon Hotel, and the Royal Repose in London, about this tenement for the reception of gentlemen whose liabilities have exceeded their means. On the contrary, the New Saint Pelagie of Paris is merely a prison in fact, without being one in aspect. This is, however, but meagre consolation for its inmates, and may probably be deemed an over-nice distinction.

Mr. Pickwick, having taken notes of the names of Mr. Crashem's creditors, and the particulars of the debts, promised to write to London that very day, at the same time hinting the necessity of paying the Calais tradesman in full, as it would be almost useless to expect to compromise with an utter stranger. Mr. Adolphus Crashem expressed his gratitude in due terms, and, to evince it the more effectually, gave Mr. Pickwick so violent a slap on the back, that the tears came into his eyes, and dimmed the visual organs of that philanthropic man. Mr. Tims intimated his intention of staying with his particular friend, Mr. Crashem, for the remainder of the day, "just to see him snug and comfortably settled," as he tastefully expressed himself; upon which Mr. Pickwick, followed by Mr. Boozie, Mr. Tupman, Mr. Winkle, and Mr. Weller, took his leave for the moment, and returned to Meurice's hotel, to settle his account, and remove to other quarters.

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## CHAPTER IX.

MR. SAMUEL WELLER IS NOMINATED AMBASSADOR-PLENIPOTENTIARY  
 \* BETWEEN MR. PICKWICK AND M. CAILLIEZ.—MR. TUPMAN AND MR.  
 BOOZIE VISIT THE PALAIS ROYAL.—LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT.—A BREACH  
 BETWEEN TWO GREAT MEN.

"SAM," said Mr. Pickwick, when they were once more arrived at the hotel, "tell the landlord I wish to speak to him immediately."

"Very good, Sir," returned that gentleman: "but I rayther think he's en-gaged for the moment, Sir, as the lawyer's clerk said to the poor client."

“What makes you think so, Sam?” enquired Mr. Pickwick.

“Cos I see him lookin’ at two dancin’ bears, Sir,” responded Mr. Weller, “just as ve drove into the yard o’ the hot-tel, Sir?”

“In the street, Sam?” exclaimed Mr. Winkle, starting as if a mouse had suddenly galloped up his leg.

“No vere else, Sir,” replied Mr. Weller, dogmatically; “an’ to-morrow night—vich is Sunday, Sir—he an’ all his family and friends—seventeen on ‘em—is a-goin’ to the theayter, I heerd say.”

“The theatre on a Sunday?” ejaculated Mr. Pickwick, starting up from his chair in an excess of the most virtuous indignation:—“I shall protest against it, Sam!—Winkle—I shall protest against it!—No—Tupman—do not attempt to dissuade me from my purpose—I repeat my words, I shall protest against it! The eyes of our countrymen are upon us—our actions are watched—Snodgrass himself is ready to relate them to the world—and, as a true philanthropist, I shall protest against it!”

Here Mr. Pickwick, fatigued by the ardour with which he had spoken, sank into his chair, and rang the bell violently.

“You see he is determined!” whispered Mr. Tupman to Mr. Winkle, as he glanced respectfully at his great leader.

“An extraordinary man!” rejoined Mr. Winkle, in the same tone, and with the same deferential gaze.

“Waiter!” exclaimed Mr. Pickwick, when that functionary made his appearance. “Waiter,” added the great man, turning himself round in his chair, and vainly endeavouring to compose those feelings that were labouring under a strange state of excitement.

“Sir,” said the waiter.

“For God’s sake calm yourself, my dear friend,” cried Mr. Tupman, in a voice rendered almost inaudible by deep emotion.

“Bring me a glass of soda-water, waiter,” ejaculated Mr. Pickwick. “And—waiter!—Let there be a dash of brandy in it—do you hear?”

The waiter bowed obedience, and disappeared.

“Thank God it is nothing else!” whispered Mr. Winkle, to Mr. Tupman, both gentlemen being greatly relieved from a state of uncertainty when they heard the order thus issued by their illustrious leader.

“The bears is gone, Sir,” said Mr. Weller, returning from the window, whence he had been gazing into the street; “and I think they’re a-goin’ to the king’s pallis in the Toolerrees, to amuse the royal childer. Shall I tell Mosseer Cally to valk up now, Sir?”

Mr. Pickwick nodded assent, and Sam departed to execute his commission, muttering as he descended the stairs, “Vell! here *is* a rig! I’m blowed if the gov’ner don’t get e-wangelical as he gets older. Ven vill he be vide avake?”

By the time Mr. Weller had made these reflections, he arrived at the office in which M. Cailliez usually sate to receive the cash of those of his customers who could pay their bills, and the excuses of those who could not.

“Mas’er vants you di-rectly, Sir,” said Mr. Weller to Madame Meurice’s deputy.

“My compliments to your master, young man,” returned M. Cailliez, “and I am very sorry he should have been put to any annoyance last night or this morning, in my hotel. Now that his friend, whom

I shrewdly suspect to have been at the bottom of all the mischief, is removed to the *Hotel d'Angleterre*—” (as the debtors' prison in Paris is facetiously and not improperly denominated)—“I hope your master will honour me by staying as long as he likes; and any apology he may deem necessary for any rudeness on my part, I am willing to tender. I understand he is a great man, and a great traveller—and I hope the events of last night and this morning will be forgotten.”

“An' very creditable to you to say so, too,” remarked Mr. Weller, when M. Cailliez had brought his long speech to a conclusion. “I'll try and recollect your very insinuating message, an' ain't got no doubt but that it vill be found say-tisfactory, as the serwant said to the lady ven she swore she wouldn't go back to her husband.”

Mr. Weller accordingly returned to his master, who had just imbibed the soda-water and brandy with a peculiar relish. The apology was duly delivered, after a little circumlocution on the part of the ambassador; and, on the suggestion of Mr. Tupman, with the consent of Mr. Winkle, and the expressed indifference of Mr. Boozie, it was resolved that the quarters should not be shifted, provided M. Cailliez would enter into his own recognizances to guarantee Mr. Pickwick from another “toeing.” Matters were thus amicably settled; and a light luncheon, consisting of two removes of hot meats and three bottles of claret, was immediately discussed for the benefit of the eaters as well as of the purveyors of the luxurious food. Mr. Pickwick then wrote a letter to “Anthony Stickemin, tailor, Regent Street, London”—and another to “Michael Nagsflesh, livery-stable-keeper, Bond Street”—in which he proposed certain arrangements for the purpose of extricating Mr. Crashem from his difficulties, and restoring so invaluable a friend to the circle of his acquaintances. These epistles were duly sealed and despatched to the post-office; and Mr. Pickwick, having thus unburdened his mind by the fulfilment of a sacred duty and accomplishment of a solemn promise, intimated to Mr. Winkle that he was ready to accompany him to the residence of the English merchants with whom the said Mr. Winkle was desirous of establishing a correspondence and agency for his father's commercial business.

But as no extraordinary degree of interest is in any way attached to the arrangement in question, we shall leave Messieurs Pickwick and Winkle to the digestion of their mercantile affairs, and follow Messieurs Tupman and Boozie in an agreeable perambulation, which they manfully and fearlessly accomplished together—alone and unattended—in the Dædalian mazes of streets that form the component parts of Paris.

Wandering forth at hazard from the portal of Meurice's hotel, arm-in-arm, and feeling that they were Englishmen upon French ground—and a most satisfactory feeling it must be, too—Mr. Tupman and Mr. Boozie passed up the Rue de Rivoli, grinning in at shop-windows, ogling the girls, and maintaining their heads erect, with a most blissful recklessness of whither they were going, and whom they were taken for. By dint of extraordinary navigation, they speedily arrived at the Palais Royal; and a species of instinct prompted them to enter that vast assemblage of splendour and of wealth—that mart in the vicinity of a palace—that palace overlooking shops—that *unique* lounge which has no rival in the world!

“What an extraordinary place!” exclaimed Mr. Tupman, half afraid that he had entered upon holy ground.

"Singular!" echoed Mr. Boozie. "But I was once—no, I wasn't, though—what a lie I am telling—"

"I thought you had been in Paris before," remonstrated Mr. Tupman with his usual native mildness.

"Never farther from the frontiers than Abbeville," replied Mr. Boozie, with an uneasy motion of his arm. "I think I told you that I had been here before—but 'twas false—I made a mistake—I meant Brussels, when I said Paris."

"Fine girl, that," cried Mr. Tupman, indicating with his dexter hand a young female who had just passed, and was a few yards in front of them. "Devilish fine girl, to be sure!"

"Is she, though?" exclaimed Mr. Boozie, squinting most horribly at a brace of pheasants displayed in the windows of Chevet's shop, the gastronomic vicinity of which our two peregrinators were now in.

"She is, indeed," rejoined Mr. Tupman, with a sigh: "let us follow her."

"I once knew a young lady," said Mr. Boozie, redoubling his pace to keep military time with Mr. Tupman, who had assumed a young, jaunty, and *debonnaire* air, swinging himself from side to side, and playing with the single curl that hung beneath the front of his hat,— "I once knew a lady—"

"Devil take *your* lady," interrupted Mr. Tupman, somewhat hastily: "don't you see I'm losing *mine*?"—and with these words, the two gentlemen redoubled their pace.

It is impossible to ascertain whether the young lady looked round by accident, or whether she had a motive in scanning the persons of the two individuals that followed her so closely. One thing is, however, certain, that she *did* turn her head round for a moment, and in so doing discovered the most beautiful features Mr. Tupman's eyes had ever yet glanced upon. He stopped short, as if transfixed by the sudden stroke of an arrow; involuntarily placed his hand upon his heart, and was about to sink on one knee, when Mr. Boozie gave him a most unsentimental tap on his back, and thus recalled his presence of mind, which had nearly been lost in the first whirlwind of ardent passion.

"Lovely creature!" cried Mr. Tupman. "Let us see where she lives;"—and the two gentlemen hastened their pace accordingly, the amatory Mr. Tupman swinging himself from side to side in a manner that would have been perfectly *unique* and interesting if it had not appeared most especially ludicrous and laughable.

"Thank God! she's dropped her handkerchief!" exclaimed Mr. Tupman, as the volatile cambric met his anxious eyes; and almost at the same instant the young lady, perceiving her loss, turned hastily round to pick it up. But a gentle zephyr sprung up at the moment, and wafted the handkerchief on its wings across the Garden of the Palais Royal. Mr. Tupman did not hesitate—how could he?—what course to pursue: he resigned his jaunty swing for the urgent nature of the occasion, and relapsing into a more vulgar attitude, took to his heels as fast as his fat person would allow him, and scoured after the fugitive cambric with all the agility and airiness of limb usually discovered in the movements of an old elephant. It is but fair to add that he was not a little encouraged by the smiles—which very much

verged into boisterous laughter—of the young lady, and by the peculiarly stimulating and exciting shouts of Mr. Boozie, who cried, “Cut away, Mike! more pudding in the pot!” in a tone and with a manner exactly suited to the gentility of the ejaculation.

Having overturned a nurse and two small children, who were taking an airing in the garden, and knocked down an old gentleman very busily employed in perusing a murder in the *Constitutionel* newspaper—having fallen and picked himself up three times in a fashion exceedingly novel and amusing, and having expelled, by over-exertion, every particle of breath he was proprietor of for the moment, Mr. Tracy Tupman, whose ardour in the cause of love was only equalled by his perseverance at the dinner-table, succeeded in overtaking and arresting the fugitive handkerchief, after a pleasant and healthy run of about three hundred and fifty yards, the sameness of which had been agreeably diversified by a number of tacks and turnings caused by the eccentric movements of the malicious cambric in question.

With the perspiration standing on his expressive countenance, as if he had just been anointed with the oil of gladness, or ducked in a refreshing horse-pond; his lips wreathed into smiles, and his chest panting in a manner essentially calculated to aid him in the passionate and glowing speech he intended to make to the young lady, who anxiously waited his return, did Mr. Tupman slowly retrace his steps, bearing the evidence of a glorious triumph in his hand.

“Madam,” said he, approaching the young lady with downcast eyes, and laying his hand upon his heart, “deign to pardon—ah! ha—I’m so out of breath—the liberty which I ventured to take—” and here Mr. Tupman was seized with so violent a fit of coughing that he found it quite impossible to achieve that which he had so admirably commenced. The young lady, however, came to his assistance.

“Tank you, sare,” said she with the most amiable smile and in the most interesting broken English in the world; “me vary much your debtor—me tank you tousand times, sare—me tell mamma of one polite Inglis *gentilhomme*.”

Mr. Tupman could only bow; his feelings and his cough overpowered him. The young lady then proceeded.

“But me fraid you no do good yourself, running in dat hurry, sare; me hop you not ill, sare, on my account;”—and the young lady’s tone became exceedingly tremulous.

“Thank you, madam—ugh! ugh! ugh!” began the gallant Mr. Tracy Tupman: “no toil—ugh! ugh! ugh!—is too much—ugh! ugh! ugh!—when the eyes of beauty witness your exertions—ugh! ugh!”—and Mr. Tupman’s cough rendered the scene more sentimental still, and gave his speech an additional air of politeness, which the young lady could not but have appreciated; for instead of bowing and pursuing her walk, she lingered to renew her thanks, to assure Mr. Tupman that she should not forget to tell her mamma, the Marchioness, of the polite attention she had received, and that if her brother, the Count, had been at home, she should have taken the liberty of inviting, in his name, the “gallant Inglis *gentilhomme*” to their house in the Rue Neuve des Petits Champs close by.

Not a word of all this was lost upon the sensitive Tracy Tupman. His cough grew much better when he found that he was in conversa-

tion with the daughter of a Marchioness ; it scarcely troubled him when he understood that her brother was a Count ; and it entirely left him so soon as an invitation to her residence was even slightly hinted at.

"Could I be permitted the honour of escorting you," said Mr. Tupman with a very low bow, "as far as your house?"

"Me not give so much trouble, Sare," interrupted the young lady, casting down her beautiful eyes.

"Allow me, I beseech you, the honour, madam," persisted Mr. Tupman ; and the young lady, suffering her bashfulness to be overruled in this respect, yielded her arm to the polite Englishman, who beckoned Mr. Boozie to follow at a respectful distance.

"Has *Monsieur* long been at Paris?" enquired the charming creature, as she walked up the gallery of the Palais Royal towards the Rue Vivienne, with her gallant *chaperon*.

"Only a few days, madam," returned Mr. Tupman ; "but since I have now the honour of being acquainted with—with—"

"*Mademoiselle de Volage* is my name, Sare," said the young lady. "My fader was one general to Napoleon : he have great many big wound—he die vary rich ten year go—and poor mamma lose near all her fortune in Revolution of July."

Mr. Tupman felt the arm of his fair companion tremble in his ; and at the idea of her misfortunes—she, so young, so innocent, so tender, and so beautiful—the perspiration ran copiously down his extensive face, and a deep sigh escaped from his capacious breast to exemplify the sympathy he felt in the unprotected situation of *Mademoiselle de Volage*. Such disinterested and noble conduct was not lost upon the charming object of his solicitude ; for his arm received an almost involuntary pressure—a pressure that gratitude wrests from modesty—from the fingers of the fair girl.

The enactment of this little piece of tragedy occupied the time necessary to emerge from the Palais Royal, and enter the Rue Neuve des Petits Champs, in which the dwelling of Madame the Marchioness de Volage was situate. It is true that the house itself had nothing in its exterior appearance to recommend it, and that the court-yard emitted various unpleasant smells of garlic, onions, stables, &c., at which Mr. Tupman's nose was in great indignation ; but the sight of the well-turned ankle and graceful form of the young lady, as she lightly tripped up a narrow stair-case on the right hand side of the *porte cochere*, recalled Mr. Tupman's mind from mundane ideas to the more delicious dreams of love. He accordingly followed his fair guide as quickly as he could up the stairs, till they arrived at the sixth floor, while Mr. Boozie, with unprecedented complaisance, mounted guard in the street below, wondering at the time "what the devil Tupman was up to," and trying to remember whether such an adventure had ever befallen himself.

In the meantime, *Mademoiselle de Volage* rang at the bell of a suite of apartments on the sixth floor, and the summons was immediately answered by an old lady of about fifty, tolerably well dressed, and adorned with an immense quantity of chains and artificial flowers—the former round her neck, the latter in her head-dress.

"Ah ! my dear mamma," said the young lady, speaking in English for the especial behoof of Mr. Tupman : "what ! you answer ring,

yourself! Where those lazy servants? where Lisette? where Lafleur?"

"Gone for holiday," replied the venerable dame, eyeing the stranger askance. "But, pray, come in—do—Sare."

Mr. Tupman accordingly followed his fair guide and her noble mother across a small ante-chamber, into a drawing-room indifferently furnished. The mantel-piece was covered with an extraordinary quantity of frivolous and faded ornaments—a heap of dingy ribands, half-finished purses, reticules just begun, &c., was congregated upon the table—and a frame for embroidery stood in one corner of the room.

"How beautiful is industry in young persons!" thought Mr. Tupman; and he sighed as he glanced at the lovely features of Mademoiselle de Volage, who was occupied in narrating, in her interesting broken English, to her attentive mother, the kindness of Mr. Tupman relative to the handkerchief, "which she had dropped by one accident." A renewal of thanks then ensued; a conversation, in which the attractions of Paris were elaborately discussed, commenced in its turn; and Mr. Tupman was already drinking deep draughts from the intoxicating fountain of love, when the respectable Marchioness suddenly recollects "that she had not given out the plate to be cleaned for dinner at seven o'clock," and left the room "only for one moment," as she informed her daughter in a tolerably loud whisper.

Mr. Tupman was now in Elysium itself. He twisted his features into a pleasing variety of contortions, to accomplish as many different sorts of agreeable smiles—he employed all the stars, moons, Venuses, and Cupids that ever were created or imagined, to embellish his discourse—and as his language became the more impassioned, so it grew the less intelligible. He descanted on love at first sight—made a lengthy oration on circumstances often throwing together two beings that were intended for each other from their births—talked an entire folio on the folly of supposing that disparity of ages could be a preventive to happiness—pronounced a lexicon of arguments to demonstrate the fact that men of mature age generally make the best husbands—and concluded with a dictionary of comments on the expediency of prompt determination, and the unmitigated folly of delay in matters so essentially connected with the felicity of a couple of individuals during the term of their natural lives.

Fortunately for Mr. Tupman, the "only one moment" of the Marchioness was a good hour and a half; or else he never would have had time to propound, explain, and demonstrate so many theories and hypotheses as he effectually brought to a most satisfactory conclusion on this eventful day. And, in order to do ample justice to the patience of the French, and adduce another argument in favour of their being deemed the most polite people in the world, we must not omit to state that Mademoiselle de Volage assented to every thing uttered by Mr. Tupman, and listened with evident pleasure to the highly comprehensible and logical positions advanced by that gentleman.

At length Madame la Marquise de Volage *did* return to the room where she had left her daughter to entertain Mr. Tupman, and Mr. Tupman to pay compliments to her daughter, and her daughter and Mr. Tupman to amuse each other to the utmost of their power; and the respectable relict of the late Peer of France expressed her astonishment at the celerity with which time glided away; and then recollects

that she had a small party—a *petite soirée* or *réunion*—that evening; and concluded by “provoking” Mr. Tupman to be present, if he had nothing better to do, at half-past nine o’clock. Of course Mr. Tupman had no other engagement; so he gratefully accepted the invitation, and then made his bow—or in other terms, retired, much pleased with the acquaintances he had formed, madly in love with Anastasie de Volage, and not without a shrewd suspicion that he had made some impression upon the young charmer herself. And to the eternal honour of Mr. Tupman be it stated, that, as he descended the five flights of stairs which led from the airy apartments of the Marchioness to the street, it never once struck him whether, in his *tête-à-tête* with the beautiful Anastasie, he had not rendered himself as ridiculous as possible. But great minds disregard trifles like these, and illustrious individuals are frequently the least accessible to the whisperings of that most vulgar, ungenteel, and plebeian sense, very justly and appropriately designated by the title of Common Sense.

Mr. Tupman fortunately found Mr. Boozie still waiting for him in the vicinity of the house in which Madame de Volage rented apartments; and he could not do otherwise than compliment that gentleman on his patience in thus waiting so long for a companion.

“Why,” observed Mr. Boozie, “the fact is, that I should never have found the way back to Meurice’s hotel by myself: and as I fancied that something extraordinary must be going on up stairs, you know—what a fib I’m telling, when I think of it—I never thought but once—yes, I did, though—I thought twice about you and the young lady. Once I reflected whether she had red hair, or wore a cap—”

“Beautiful black hair!” exclaimed Mr. Tupman, his temper somewhat ruffled by this latter observation.

“And, then,” continued Mr. Boozie, “I began to reflect whether she could be a kept-mistress or a regular out-and-outer.”

“What, Sir!” cried Mr. Tracy Tupman in wrathful indignation. “She is a virtuous girl, Sir—a paragon of beauty, Sir—a phoenix of modesty—a dragon of virtue—a Venus in charms—a Diana in chastity—a—a—Sir—”

“I dare say I was telling an untruth,” interrupted Mr. Boozie, his large eyes squinting absolute rounds of beef at Mr. Tracy Tupman, who thought he had never seen any thing more snug nor pleasant than the family circle he had just left.

The two gentlemen, having thus reciprocally intimated the state of their feelings in so highly satisfactory and candid a manner, hastened to Meurice’s hotel with as much expedition as their very extensive topographical knowledge of Paris enabled them to adopt; and to their credit be it recorded, that in order to compass a distance of about two hundred and fifty yards, they did not, on this particular occasion, wander more than three quarters of a mile out of the direct line they ought to have pursued.

As the Pickwickians and Mr. Boozie had again determined upon dining at the *table-d’hôte*, and as Mr. Tupman, like a faithful subordinate, deemed it prudent to acquaint his great leader with all his motions and plans, he was under the necessity of seeking an interview with Mr. Pickwick just before the bell announced the magic hour at

which the soup was usually placed upon the table. This opportunity was accordingly sought and effectually gained.

"My dear Pickwick," began Mr. Tupman, with more than a maiden's hesitation, when that interesting creature is about to inform her parent of a first love;—"my dear Pickwick—accident has caused me to discover the most beautiful and faithful of her kind!"

"Indeed!" cried Mr. Pickwick, rubbing his hands with extreme delight. "The female sex, too?"

"What other sex would you have me select?" exclaimed the astonished Mr. Tupman. "Oh! she is so docile," continued the enamoured swain; "you might lead her with a string."

"Does she wear a collar, then?" enquired Mr. Pickwick, with a serious expression of countenance.

"Precaution against the unhallowed desires of—"

"Of thieves, to be sure," interrupted Mr. Pickwick, hastily. "I was foolish not to have thought of that."

"Robbers of virtue—beautifully expressed!" cried Mr. Tupman, with a glance of the most profound respect at his great leader.

"What?" said Mr. Pickwick, dubiously.

"Why—the object of my choice," returned Mr. Tupman, fixing a look of extreme stolidity on the hero of these memoirs.

"Take care you are not deceived as to the breed," remonstrated Mr. Pickwick, mildly.

"Impossible!" ejaculated Mr. Tupman. "Her mother is a Marchioness."

"Mr. Tupman!" cried Mr. Pickwick, with some warmth; "are you humbugging me, Sir?"

"God forbid!" murmured Mr. Tupman, greatly affected. "My choice is indubitably fixed. And what do you think I have chosen?"

"A spaniel, I should imagine," returned Mr. Pickwick; "if I may judge by your strings, and your collars, and your docility."

"No, Sir," cried Mr. Tupman, now angry in his turn. "We have misunderstood each other, Sir—you have wilfully misinterpreted my ideas, Sir. The person, and *not* the animal, Sir—to which I allude—is a lady, Sir—do you hear me!"—and Mr. Tupman twisted his fingers in his hair with the precipitation and appearance of extreme wrath.

"And so you have fallen in love again, Sir," shouted Mr. Pickwick, a light breaking in upon him.

"I have, Sir," responded Mr. Tupman; "and what of that?"

"What of that, Sir!" exclaimed Mr. Pickwick. "Why, Sir—simply this—that at your time of life—"

"Well, Sir—at my time of life?" sarcastically re-echoed Mr. Tupman.

"You are an ass, Sir," cried Mr. Pickwick—"an old fool, to be humbugged by every idle girl. There, Sir!"

"Pickwick," murmured Mr. Tupman in a voice rendered almost inaudible by deep emotions, "do you recollect the parting between Fox and Burke in the House of Commons?"

"I have heard of it, Sir," said Mr. Pickwick, still very irate at the imagined stupidity of his follower. "And what then, Sir?"

"Our parting must be like their's, Pickwick," returned Mr. Tupman: "our friendship is at an end—our intimacy exists no longer;"—and with these words, which he delivered in a tone of the most deplorable and disconsolate misery, Mr. Tupman started from the chair on which he had been seated, glanced sorrowfully at the former companions of his toils and pleasures, sighed deeply, buried his face in his hands, and rushed out of the room in the most approved and interesting state of agony commonly deemed to be in vogue amongst modern tragedians.

"I have been too hasty," said Mr. Pickwick to himself, after the lapse of five minutes. "What is to be done?" enquired that great man of himself. "We will think of it after dinner—I dare say Tupman is not serious!"

And having consoled himself in this truly philosophical and exemplary manner, Mr. Pickwick descended to the *table d'hôte* room, where his presence was awaited by Mr. Boozie and Mr. Winkle. But Mr. Tupman was not there!

## CHAPTER X.

**A FEW COMMENTS ON THE BREACH MENTIONED IN THE LAST CHAPTER.—  
THE TABLE-D'HÔTE AT MEURICE'S HOTEL IN PARIS.—MR. PICKWICK,  
ACCOMPANIED BY MR. WINKLE AND MR. BOOZIE, VISITS MR. ADOL-  
PHUS CRASHEM IN HIS NEW QUARTERS.—MR. LIPMAN AND MR.  
JOPLING.**

MR. PICKWICK did not deem it at all necessary to make Mr. Winkle acquainted with the breach that had ere now taken place between himself and Mr. Tupman—that memorable breach which had for its only precedent, in extent of gravity and importance to the world in general, the well-known quarrel between Fox and Burke on the subject of the French Revolution. A commentator might with truth observe, that the coincidence is most singular—four of the greatest men, that ever lived, being thus divided and disaffected on account of French affairs, concerning which there was a trifling difference of opinion. The most glorious revolution that ever was eventually sullied by the misguided minds of tyrants and monsters—and the loveliness of a beautiful French girl, were sufficient, the one to alienate a Burke from a Fox, and the other a Tupman from a Pickwick! As the pen of the faithful historian traces these characters on the undying page which records the deeds of those whose fame will never be extinguished, his hand trembles—a tear steals down his countenance—a sigh escapes his breast—and he feels more than half inclined to moralize on the instability of friendship. But second thoughts, and a sense of the duty he owes mankind in general, induce him to forego such digression for the present, and continue uninterruptedly the thread of his biographical narrative.

"Doesn't Tupman dine with us to-day?" enquired Mr. Winkle, savouring the *soupe à la julienne*, and appealing to Mr. Pickwick.

"I fancy he has an appointment," responded that gentleman, with a suppressed sigh.

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" Didn't we get through a lot of business to-day ?" continued Mr. Winkle, after a slight pause.

Mr. Pickwick replied in the affirmative, and made some comments on the vastness of the commercial transactions they had opened with two great houses in Paris.

" But what shall we do with ourselves this evening ?" interrupted Mr. Boozie, when he had swallowed a very large glass of wine, and poured out another. " I think—no, I don't, though—I only imagine—"

" What ?" enquired Mr. Pickwick.

" That it would be but charitable," answered Mr. Boozie, " if we were to call upon that poor devil Crashem. Sims—no, it ain't—what a confounded lie I was telling !—Tims, I mean, said there would be a devil of a spree going on there this evening."

" Private theatricals, I suppose ?" observed Mr. Pickwick.

" Oh ! no," explained Mr. Boozie, " I told an untruth, if I said that; he only meant drinking, smoking, singing, and all that sort of thing !"

" High-spirited fellows !" cried Mr. Pickwick, his philanthropic countenance beaming with delight. " For my part, I have no objection to join them for an hour or so. What do you say, Winkle ?"

" With pleasure," returned that gentleman; " and as they lock up early, it would be as well to go soon."

" Immediately after dinner," said Mr. Pickwick; and as the conversation then languished for a few minutes, he took the opportunity of scrutinizing some of the various characters seated at the *table d'hôte*.

Next to Mr. Winkle there was a tall, thin, dissipated-looking young Englishman, with a very pale face, dull eyes, and languid air. He was dressed in a Newmarket kind of style; and, in spite of his evidently debilitated state, there was a certain pretension about his appearance which at once indicated the rake as well as the *roué*. On his right hand was an old fat lady, with a very low gown and a very high turban, a very affected air and a very large appetite, very vulgar manners and a very great but very ineffectual affectation of gentility. This personage, as well as two milk-and-water-drinking and bread-and-butter-eating girls, her daughters, were evidently importations from the vicinity of Bow Church, Cheapside, London. Next to the elder of the two young ladies just alluded to, sate a French gentleman of sixty. His linen was the whitest ever seen—his shirt collar the highest ever worn—his coat was without a wrinkle—his three waist-coats without a plait—his two watch-chains tastefully appended to his neck—his wrinkled countenance all smiles—his conversation all compliments—and his attitudes all bows, nods, and shrugs. He spoke English indifferently, but was evidently making the best use of his slight acquaintance with our vernacular, to captivate the heart of the vulgar lady's daughter, who smiled, lisped an occasional monosyllable, and blushed at stated intervals, as she eagerly listened to the welcome nonsense the French gentleman breathed in her ear.

Just beyond the French dandy, was seated an English clergyman, who had a very seedy coat on his back, a very red flush on his countenance, and a very considerable number of oaths on the tip of his

tongue. He was supported on his right hand by a French officer of the guards or *cuirassiers*—a fine, well-whiskered, moustachioed personage, who drank like a fish, ate like an ogre, and was an object of unexceptionable attraction to three young ladies, who, with their mamma, were seated opposite to him, and were laughing very heartily at every word that issued from his lips—although he could not speak one syllable of English, and they were as innocent of any intimacy with the French language as the babe unborn. In their immediate vicinity were half a dozen young gentlemen from the Emerald Island, who had most probably agreed to sit together at the *table-d'hôte*, talk as loudly as they could, utter as many vulgar jokes as their imaginations might suggest, and render themselves as disagreeable as they possibly could do. Two or three well-dressed and well-behaved Englishmen, a quiet Scotchman, a deaf Welchman, and a couple of small boys with their father, afforded at the upper end of the table a sort of contrast or relief to the noisy Irishmen in their immediate neighbourhood. These were the most prominent characters which Mr. Pickwick remarked in an assemblage of about fifty people.

“Have you been to the Italian Opera, ma'am?” enquired the young rake, of the vulgar stout lady.

“No, Sir, I has not,” was the reply. “I can't say as how I likes the theayters; they're so very hot, and I does pus-pire so, it is quite uncomfortable.”

“Lauk-a-daisy, mamma,” whispered one of the young ladies; “how you are talking, to be sure!”

“Nonsense, Jemima,” returned the stout lady; then addressing herself once more to the young gentleman with the dissipated look, she said, “I once went to the Academy of Music—the Great Opera, as they call it—and what with the squeezing, the pus-piration, the skreeking of the actresses, the glare of light, and all kinds of unpleasantness, I never was so wexed in all my life—quite bewildered and all no-how, you know.”

The pale-faced gentleman sipped his Madeira, and did not venture to continue the conversation.

“D—— that waiter,” exclaimed the parson; “he's taken away my plate.”

“And, by Jasus, I'd break his head, if 'twas mine,” kindly hinted one of the Irish gentlemen.

“I've a devilish great mind to do so,” returned the clerical individual; but, on second thoughts, he consoled himself with a clean plate, the half of a boiled fowl, and another bottle of Macou.

“Well, I never did see such a skrimmage, in all my born days!” exclaimed the vulgar lady, for the information of the rakish youth on her left hand: but that individual was quite inaccessible to the farther attempts of his stout neighbour to renew the conversation.

“By the powers, Sir—and you have made free with my bread!” cried one of the Irish gentlemen to the French *cuirassier*.

“*Je ne vous comprends pas, Monsieur*,” observed the officer, with a desperate shrug of the shoulder.

“Arrah, and by Jasus, now, that's an insult, Misther Frog,” ejaculated the irascible Irishman; “and it's that which Michael O'Donovan won't put up with at all, at all!”

The old French dandy, perceiving that there was some misunderstanding, and comprehending its trivial origin, explained to his military fellow-countryman the cause of the Irish gentleman's indignation.

"Nothing but a mating or the most abject apology will suffice," cried Mr. Michael O'Donovan in a menacing manner.

These alternatives were duly interpreted to the *cuirassier*, who desired the sexagenary dandy to inform the offended Irishman that he was perfectly willing to meet him in the Bois de Boulogne on the following morning at day-light. The choler of the irascible son of Erin considerably diminished when the polite offer of the French *cuirassier* was made known to him; and after a brief consultation with his friends, he declared that he would be satisfied if the guardsman would order the waiter to supply another piece of bread, and in that case he would not press the meeting. The officer disdained to listen to the proposition; so the Irishman had to call for his own bread, and decline the hostile interview into the bargain; while the Frenchman sipped his wine as if nothing of importance had occurred.

Mr. Pickwick had seen quite enough of the *table-d'hôte* for that day: he accordingly whispered a proposal to adjourn to the quarters of their friend Mr. Adolphus Crasheem, to which Messieurs Boozie and Winkle immediately assented. Mr. Weller was desired to attend his master; and a hackney-coach, or *fiacre*, speedily conveyed the party to the pleasant and commodious tenement in which the heir-apparent to the fortunes and territories appended to the great name of Crasheem, temporarily resided.

"Strange fate, Sir, is that of a man of the world," observed Mr. Weller, as he followed Mr. Pickwick, Mr. Winkle, and Mr. Boozie across the outer court, in front of the gaol.

"How's that, Sam?" enquired Mr. Pickwick.

"A pallis von day, and a prison the next, Sir," returned Mr. Weller: "a bust o' laughter escapes the buzzim von minit, and a sigh of voe the next, Sir," added the philosophising domestic.

"Too true," assented Mr. Pickwick, in a mournful voice.

"And yet," continued Mr. Weller, in a more cheerful tone, "that vich the English calls sympathy, is nothing more than vot the Dutch calls gammon."

Mr. Pickwick's philanthropy could not admit the irresistibility of this argument; but his objections are not recorded, inasmuch as they were not uttered; for the arrival of the little party at the iron-barred door put an end to the discourse.

After a great deal of trouble, it was ascertained that Mr. Crasheem had possessed himself, by some means or another, of a room to himself, and that he was then in the very act of entertaining a select party in the said identical chamber. Thither did Mr. Pickwick and his companions accordingly proceed, and great was the welcome with which they were received. Mr. Crasheem undertook to conduct Mr. Weller to the *café*, where that latter gentleman was desired to amuse himself with any edibles or potables he might fancy, until his attendance should be again required; and on his return to the little chamber of which he was the temporary proprietor, Mr. Adolphus Crasheem proceeded to introduce his friends to each other.

"This is Mr. Lipman," said he, pointing to a middle-aged shabbily-

dressed individual, who was seated behind an enormous tumbler of gin-punch, and puffing away at an immense wooden pipe, intended to imitate a meershum. "And this is Mr. Jopling," continued Mr. Crashem, indicating a young gentleman with a short apoplectic neck, bloated countenance, and faded silk dressing-gown. The ceremonies of introduction accordingly took place—Mr. Tims bestowed a nod of recognition on Mr. Pickwick and his companions—and every one seated himself at the table, with a determination of doing justice to the various liquors spread thereon.

"This is very kind, now, of you," cried Mr. Adolphus Crashem, addressing himself to Mr. Pickwick, "coming to see a fellow in difficulties. And those gentlemen"—pointing to Mr. Lipman and Mr. Jopling—"have behaved devilish kind also—haven't they, Tims?"

Mr. Tims nodded and grinned an affirmative, and Messieurs Lipman and Jopling bowed their thanks for the compliment.

"I've been here just two years, come January," said Mr. Lipman; "and whenever I see an Englishman brought in, I invariably introduce myself to him, and do any thing I can to serve him."

"So do I," echoed Mr. Jopling; "don't I, Lipman, when I can?"

"That you do, old fellow," said the individual thus appealed to. "But your time will be out in a few months now."

"How is that?" enquired Mr. Pickwick. "I suppose, Sir, your creditors have come to an arrangement at last, then?"

"No, Sir, not they," replied Mr. Jopling, with a wink at Mr. Lipman. "But the law of April, 1832, has for them, though."

"Ah!" said Mr. Pickwick, considerably enlightened.

"Certainly," continued the young gentleman in the silk dressing-gown. "My debt is under five hundred francs—20*l.* you know that is—and two years' imprisonment emancipates a foreigner from all debts under that sum."

"Then, I am to understand," observed Mr. Pickwick, mildly, "that a certain term of incarceration in this country annuls liabilities to a certain amount."

"Exactly what it is," responded Mr. Lipman. "No foreigner can remain in prison more than ten years—and no Frenchman more than five, even if he owes millions. Capital, ain't it?"

"It is, indeed," said Mr. Pickwick; "and very humane laws they appear to be."

"Decidedly," exclaimed Mr. Lipman. "Why, what do you think?"

"I really don't know," replied Mr. Pickwick.

"But you will when I tell you, though," continued Mr. Lipman, knocking the ashes out of his pipe, and filling the wooden bowl with strong Belgian tobacco. "When Ouvrard, the celebrated Commissary to the Victualling Department of the War-Office, was imprisoned here for several millions of francs, he had one entire wing of the building to himself. Whenever new debtors came in, and were chummed in the rooms he had, he invariably bought them out, and paid their debts for them, in order to keep his apartments to himself. Those were fine times, or my name isn't Lipman. Ouvrard had balls, parties, *soirées*—all kinds of things here, every night; and the first people in Paris visited him in this identical prison.\* Wasn't that a go for you?"

Mr. Pickwick of course replied that it was, and assented in an equally polite manner to Mr. Jopling's observation that it was a "devil of a rig." Mr. Tims pronounced it as his opinion that it must have been a "prime spree," and Mr. Adolphus Crashem declared it was "a monstrous rum lark." The four gentlemen then reciprocally agreed that Ouvrard was "a trump;" and Mr. Lipman appealed to Mr. Pickwick, and asked him if he didn't think the Frenchman was a "regular bean?" An answer in the affirmative was immediately given; and the whole party, having got upon so good and agreeable an understanding with each other, found Mr. Crashem's room very snug and comfortable.

"Won't you blow a cloud, old fellow?" enquired Mr. Adolphus Crashem, after a short pause, addressing himself to Mr. Winkle. "Come, do as we do;" and he handed a paper of cigars to that gentleman, who had very naturally cast his eyes towards the window, and was preparing to descant upon the state of the atmosphere, when Mr. Crashem's action explained the meaning of his words.

"Thank'ee," returned Mr. Winkle; and he blew a cloud accordingly.

"You don't lush, Sir," said Mr. Jopling to Mr. Pickwick. "Pass the bingo, Lipman, and let the gentleman make himself a stinger;"—and Mr. Pickwick, acting upon a faint idea, or a natural impulse originated by Mr. Jopling's invitation, mixed himself a glass of spirits and water, and proceeded to drink it—an example that was immediately followed by Mr. Boozie, who thereby so much elicited the admiration of Mr. Lipman, that he was forthwith pronounced to be a "regular brick, and no mistake."

All this was very friendly and very gratifying; and the more the liquor was poured out, the more lively became the conversation. A variety of amusing anecdotes was told for the benefit of those present; and as they all lacked veracity, so they were replete with interest and marvel.

"There's an archbishop in here," observed Mr. Jopling, when Mr. Adolphus Crashem had just brought to a conclusion a long tale relative to his friend Sir Patrick Pocock.

"Indeed!" exclaimed Mr. Pickwick. "A Roman Catholic, I should imagine?"

"Oh! yes," returned Mr. Jopling; "and a devilish good fellow he appears to be. Got lots of tin, I understand."

"Ah! the proprietor of a mine, no doubt," said Mr. Pickwick. "Those sources of wealth in Roman Catholic countries generally fall into the hands of the clergy."

It is extremely distressing to be compelled to state, that at this remark, Mr. Jopling burst out into a clamorous horse-laugh, in which he was most cordially joined by Mr. Lipman. The infectious mirth spread like wild-fire to Mr. Tims and Mr. Crashem; and then Mr. Pickwick, Mr. Boozie, and Mr. Winkle deemed it necessary to join in the hilarity, although they were entirely at a loss to divine its cause. Thus is it that great men are frequently led by the force of example to give their assent and countenance to that which they do not at the moment understand, and the mystery of which they never think of penetrating; and to this circumstance may be attributed the passing of a variety of extraordinary and extravagant measures in the Houses where the senate of England is wont to assemble.

"Well, after all," exclaimed Mr. Winkle, when the mirth had subsided into little more than a distant tittering; "after all, this is not such a bad place, though."

"I should think not," cried Mr. Jopling with great emphasis on the pronoun. "There's a billiard-room,—a billiard-table,—a *rouge-et-noir* table,—*roulette*,—in fine, every kind of lark that a man can wish for, here."

Mr. Jopling's encomiums upon the New Prison were interrupted by the entrance of two small boys, in blue jackets and clean white aprons, who speedily cleared the table of the glasses, bottles, cigars, &c., and thereupon arranged a scanty white cloth, and divers plates, knives, and forks, &c., instead. They then disappeared, and in a few minutes returned with a variety of dishes, which they quietly spread upon the table, to the infinite delight of Mr. Crashem and his company.

"Turn out the confounded cat!" exclaimed Mr. Jopling, as that domestic appurtenance to the Café entered the room. But Mr. Lipman considerably interfered in the poor animal's behalf by verbally consigning it to the hottest regions he could think of: so the party sate down to supper, and the cat retired to snooze beneath a chair in one corner of the room.

Mr. Crashem had caused a most splendid repast to be prepared; and as—for we scorn to deny or withhold one atom of the real truth—Messieurs Lipman and Jopling had made a quiet and economical dinner at three o'clock, p. m., off a couple of baked potatoes and a piece of butter each, they did not fail to do ample justice to the supper at which they so unexpectedly and pleasantly found themselves seated. The bottle was circulated freely, and a variety of toasts was proposed and drank with considerable enthusiasm. Indeed, to such an extent was the hilarity of the evening carried, that Mr. Pickwick entered into two arguments and made an oration,—Mr. Boozie only contradicted himself upon his own evidence seventeen times in the course of an hour,—Mr. Crashem cited his own family on three-and-twenty different occasions,—and Messieurs Lipman and Jopling emptied two bottles in drinking wine with Mr. Winkle, while Mr. Tims amused himself by rolling small pellets of bread and aiming them at Mr. Pickwick's nose.

Now it happened that Mr. Tims was a very quarrelsome gentleman when he had taken a small drop too much: and it also happened on the evening of which we are writing, that such a quantity of liquor, in the shape of wine and spirits, had been circulated and drank, that in Mr. Crashem's room there was scarcely a sober person after supper. Mr. Tims unfortunately advanced some statement, which Mr. Boozie, intending to set himself right in a "confounded lie" he had just uttered, unhappily contradicted; and a row was the immediate consequence. Mr. Tims flew at Mr. Boozie—and Mr. Boozie's wig flew to the opposite side of the room: Mr. Lipman attempted to enact the part of mediator, and was immediately converted into a belligerent by a knock on the eye which Mr. Crashem inadvertently gave him: Mr. Jopling prepared to assault Mr. Winkle; and Mr. Winkle crept under the table, while Mr. Pickwick, thinking to restore order by putting Mr. Boozie in possession of his wig, commenced a most vigorous search after the hairy tegument, and caught hold of the domestic cat, which a delusion

of the optics had represented to his sight as the lost *perruque*. The cat, thus unceremoniously disturbed in the midst of her slumbers, flew at Mr. Pickwick and dragged her claws spitefully across his expressive countenance ; nor was it before a considerable time had elapsed that the animal could be reduced to pacific measures of any kind.

It were hard and difficult to say how long the warfare might have been waged, had not Mr. Weller suddenly rushed into the room, and speedily compelled the combatants to desist from their pugilistic strife.

"Five minutes more, Sir," said that gentleman, addressing his master, so soon as something like order had been restored, "an' ve shall all be booked, as the devil said ven he sent for to take Doctor Faustus."

This powerful appeal to the feelings of great men could not for one moment be resisted. Mr. Pickwick, Mr. Winkle, Mr. Boozie, and Mr. Tims accordingly took a certain vague and undefined leave of the prisoners, and accompanied Mr. Weller to a hackney-coach, which that faithful domestic had already taken the precaution to fetch, and which speedily deposited the somewhat intemperate gentlemen at the gate of Meurice's hotel in the Rue de Rivoli.

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## CHAPTER XI.

MR. TRACY TUPMAN FORMS AN ACQUAINTANCE WITH A SYSTEMATIC GENTLEMAN OFTEN QUOTED IN MODERN TIMES, BUT NEVER BEFORE INTRODUCED TO THE READER IN ANY PUBLICATION.—THE SOIREE AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

In the meantime, what were the exploits of the gallant Tracy Tupman ? Reduced to the very verge of desperation by what he deemed the unhandsome—the shameful—the unpardonable conduct of his great leader, Mr. Tupman rushed precipitately from his presence, as before stated, and hurried into the street with that recklessness of whither he was going, which all men in such situations deem it necessary to assume or feel.

"O Pickwick!" said Mr. Tupman, as he walked along the Rue de Rivoli ; "and is it come to this ? Must the world, with its usual scandal, falsely represent the cause of our separation ? Shall the chroniclers of our respective histories be left vainly to speculate on the springs of this, the most important event in our mutual lives ? and what can we say to Snodgrass—to Winkle—to Craschem—and to Boozie ? In writing to the one, and conversing with the others, what excuse must we make for an alienation as untoward as it is distressing ?"

Such were Mr. Tupman's reflections—and to this extreme pitch of misery had he just arrived, when it struck him that, if Mr. Pickwick were capable of dining after so lamentable an occurrence, there was no reason in the world why he himself should starve. No sooner had this light of intelligence dawned in upon his brain, than a second ray, no less luminous than its precursor, immediately darted through his mind, and recalled to memory the existence of certain eating-houses—styled *restaurants*—in the Palais Royal. Thither did Mr. Tupman

forthwith repair, sighing at every step, and having totally eschewed the jaunty and *debonnaire* airs he had so successfully adopted in the morning. He did not, however, forget his appointment for half-past nine; and his bosom felt a partial relief when he reflected on the agreeableness of the evening he was destined to pass.

But a lengthy train of reflections and a quick pace invariably carry us at last to some point or another; and on this occasion, these two agencies conducted Mr. Tupman in safety to the very identical gallery of the Palais Royal where his visual organs had first detected the presence of youthful beauty in the morning. There were a great many brilliantly lighted cafés—but Mr. Tupman knew not which to choose. Like the ass placed betwixt two bundles of hay, he was likely to starve in the midst of plenty, from the mere fact of being unable to decide between a number of imposing candidates for his favours.

In this state of uncertainty, a good genius fortunately came to Mr. Tupman's aid, in the guise of a short English gentleman of about fifty, who was puffing a cigar most courageously as he walked along the magnificent colonnade.

"Pray, Sir, can you inform me which is the best place to dine at, here?" enquired Mr. Tupman, convinced that the short gentleman was a native of Britain from the circumstance of his having very audibly condemned to the lower regions, and in no very equivocal terms, a small boy who had just run against him.

"I can, Sir," replied the short gentleman, eyeing Mr. Tupman from top to toe. "A stranger in Paris, I presume, Sir?"

"Quite," answered Mr. Tupman.

"Do you wish to do the thing slap up, or merely grub on an economical system?" demanded the short gentleman.

"Oh!" said Mr. Tupman, hesitating, "it's quite immaterial, I assure you."

"Decide, Sir," cried the short gentleman, laconically.

"Well—I don't care, then, if I have a good dinner," returned the Pickwickian.

"That's also a part of *my system*," observed the stranger, with a smile. "Do you wish for company?"

"I certainly dislike dining alone," replied Mr. Tupman.

"My system again," cried the short gentleman; "so here goes;"—and with these words, he took Mr. Tupman's arm, threw away his cigar, and hastened towards Very's celebrated *restaurant*, without uttering another syllable; so that Mr. Tupman began to imagine that silence was a part of his new friend's system, also.

"You take soup, of course?" said the stranger, when he and Mr. Tupman were comfortably seated at one of the nice little tables in the public room at Very's. "*Garçon, soupe à la julienne pour deux!*—"What wine do you like?"

"I have no choice, I assure you. Indeed, I should be better pleased if you would cater for me, as you appear to be so much more conversant with French manners and customs than myself."

"Admirably spoken!" exclaimed the stranger: "quite agrees with my system! But, before we proceed any further, let us understand each other. What is your name?"

Mr. Tupman detailed his *prænomen* and *cognomen* forthwith.

"And mine is Walker," returned the systematic gentleman;—  
"Mr. Hook Walker, at your service."

Mr. Tupman bowed, expressed himself much pleased with having formed the acquaintance of Mr. Hook Walker, and looked very amiable and satisfied.

"Excellent soup, this," observed Mr. Walker.

"Excellent," cried Mr. Tupman. "But have you ordered any wine?"

"I sit corrected," said Mr. Walker, seriously; and in a moment the waiter received orders to supply his very best Saint Emilion, and to put a couple of bottles of Champagne in ice. The two gentlemen then took wine together, and Mr. Walker enquired if "fish formed a part of Mr. Tupman's system of dining?" To this a reply was given in the affirmative; and turbot, with the necessary concomitant of lobster sauce, was instantaneously commanded. This was followed by a variety of dishes, of which Mr. Tupman did not even know the names, but to which he nevertheless rendered ample justice; while Mr. Hook Walker drank glass after glass with such rapidity that Mr. Tupman began to wonder at certain component parts of the system adopted by his new acquaintance.

At length, having waded through at least ten different courses, the dessert was placed upon the table, and Mr. Walker, with systematic precision, cut two enormous slices out of a very fine pine-apple; one of which he handed to Mr. Tupman, and the other he judiciously kept for himself. The iced Champagne was then produced, and Mr. Walker condescended to chatter a little more than he had hitherto done, at the same time endeavouring to convince Mr. Tupman that all his actions, important or trivial, were regulated on a certain system from which the treasures of the universe could never induce him to depart. Mr. Tupman was highly delighted with the philosophical reasoning of Mr. Walker, and sighed when he recollects how much Mr. Pickwick would have been pleased with the society of so singular an individual, had he been present.

The time glided swiftly away, and at a quarter past nine Mr. Tupman informed his companion that he had an appointment, and must bid him farewell for the present.

"Never miss your appointments, my dear Sir," exclaimed Mr. Walker, with his usual solemnity. "Regularity and punctuality are the most essential basis of my system.—Have the kindness to order the bill—I will return in one moment—and we will settle our score."

Mr. Walker then lounged idly out of the room, and Mr. Tupman felicitated himself on not only having passed a very agreeable evening, but on having formed an acquaintance that might probably turn out to be of material advantage to him during his sojourn in Paris. Five minutes elapsed while he made these exhilarating reflections—another five passed away as he discussed the remainder of his Champagne—and at length the half-hour was struck by the clock in the public room where he was seated.

"Strange!" said Mr. Tupman to himself, "I hope no accident has befallen him. Suppose I give him another five minutes; the Marchioness's house is close by—and one never ought to be *too* punctual."

But the supplementary five minutes passed away, and still Mr. Hook

Walker returned not. Mr. Tupman began to be seriously alarmed for his friend's safety; but as he could wait for him no longer, he called for the bill, which amounted to a hundred and twenty-seven francs—or a little more than five pounds sterling—paid it with a slight grimace, and hurried away to the residence of Madame de Volage in the Rue Neuve des Petits Champs, marvelling that Mr. Walker's system should contain so grievous a fault as that of making his associates wait for his return in a manner at once mysterious and alarming.

After a great deal of trouble, Mr. Tupman discovered the abode he so anxiously sought; and resuming his jaunty air of the morning, he mounted lightly up the four flights, and pulled the bell with the violence of a man whose inward conviction is that he will be received with affectionate welcome. The door was opened by a black servant in a livery which looked very well by candle-light; and Mr. Tupman was ushered into the presence of his hostess. Madame la Marquise expressed her unfeigned delight at the honour he conferred upon her by "assisting" at her "*petite reunion*," and Mademoiselle Anastasie blushed a more graceful welcome. The visitor was then duly introduced to a couple of fat old ladies with large turbans, three cross-looking old men, each wearing a red riband at his button-hole, and four or five young girls, who stared at Mr. Tupman, and tittered amongst themselves. Mr. Tupman went through this ordeal as well as might be expected, and seated himself, when the ceremony was concluded, next to the beautiful Anastasie, whose loveliness was not a little enhanced by the exceedingly low gown and short petticoats—atrocities very unusual in France—which she wore. Mr. Tupman gazed upon her charms with the eye of an unmitigated old libertine; and soon renewed, in a *sotto voce*, the same tender conversation he had held in the morning, and for which he was admirably primed by the quantity of Champagne he had ere now imbibed in the society of the systematic Mr. Hook Walker.

While Mr. Tupman and Mademoiselle Anastasie de Volage were engaged in this little flirtation, which, with the politeness the French are so much renowned for, no one else appeared to notice, the black servant arranged three or four *ecarté* tables in becoming order, and the Marchioness, with amiable condescension, invited her guests to amuse themselves at cards. Two of the cross-looking gentlemen and the old ladies with the high turbans accordingly made up a couple of games, and the young ladies crowded round the tables to bet their five-franc pieces, which they did in a manner at once interesting and curious to a degree. At length Mr. Tupman caught the generally pervasive spirit of speculation, and gallantly proposed a game with Mademoiselle de Volage, which, after a variety of little objections easily over-ruled, and a multitude of blushes that did high credit to the modesty of her feelings, was accepted.

Whether the exhilarating effects of the wine he had drank or of the love that filled his soul, bewildered his mind; or whether he purposely, and from motives of gallantry, lost those large sums that were won by Mademoiselle de Volage at every consecutive game, has never transpired. It is nevertheless certain that upwards of a thousand francs, or 40*l.* of English money, changed proprietors that evening, and passed from the red morocco pocket-book of Mr. Tupman to the elegant green silk purse of the fair Anastasie.

But who could resist those bewitching smiles—that blush of maiden modesty which tinged her cheek, when Mr. Tupman's foot touched her's beneath the table—or the enchanting confidence with which she suffered her foot to remain in delicious contact with his? When she smiled, a beautiful row of ivory teeth was displayed—and when she dealt the cards, a diminutive hand, white as alabaster, attracted her lover's impassioned gaze. Surely a thousand francs were not too dear a penalty to pay for enjoyment such as this!

At length the cards were laid aside, and the black servant announced that supper was served in an adjoining room. Thither did the whole party repair; and if, in the course of the repast, the Marchioness did become somewhat intoxicated, and display certain pugilistic predilections totally at variance with her rank and prior deportment, the kindly feelings of Mr. Tupman readily found a becoming excuse in the fact, that as the worthy lady had herself compounded the rum-punch, she must necessarily have tasted it several times to ascertain if any improvement were wanting. Another little circumstance, which Mr. Tupman deemed admirably calculated to illustrate the peculiar vivacity of the French, was too remarkable to escape his notice. The cold viands had been devoured with extraordinary expedition, and the wine and the rum-punch had circulated most freely, when a dish of sweets was placed upon the table. Upon this prize did the five young ladies all proceed at once, and a pleasing variety of snatching, screaming, pushing, and vociferation, immediately ensued. Mademoiselle Anastasie laughed heartily, and the Marchioness, in order to compose her feelings, drank another tumbler of the reeking punch, while the gentlemen, whose button-holes bore the emblem of the Legion of Honour, commenced a desperate attack upon some Burgundy which the black servant placed before him.

At this crisis, the Marchioness requested her daughter to favour the company with a song; Anastasie accordingly commenced the following popular air. But as our readers will be better pleased by reading the said celebrated National Song in English, we give the following faithful translation:—

#### LA PARISIENNE.

Gallant nation! now before you  
 Freedom, beckoning onward, stands;  
 Let no tyrants sway be o'er you—  
 Wrest the sceptre from his hands!  
 Paris gave the general cry,  
 Glory, Fame, and Liberty!  
 Speed, warriors, speed,  
 Tho' thousands bleed,  
 Pierc'd by the leaden ball, or crush'd by thundering steed;  
 Conquests wait—your foemen die!  
 Keep your serried ranks in order;  
 Sons of France, your country calls!  
 Gory hetacombs accord her—  
 Well she merits each who falls!  
 Happy day! the general cry  
 Echoed nought but liberty!  
 Speed, warriors, speed,  
 Tho' thousands bleed,  
 Pierc'd by the leaden ball, or crush'd by thundering steed;  
 Conquests wait—your foemen die!

Vain the shot may sweep along you,  
 Ranks of warriors now display'd!  
 Youthful gen'rals are among you,  
 By the great occasion made!  
 Happy day, &c. &c.

Foremost who the Carlist lances  
 With the banner-staff has met?  
 Freedom's votary advances,  
 Venerable Lafayette,  
 Happy day! &c. &c.

Triple dyes again combining,  
 See the squadrons onward go :  
 In the country's heaven shining,  
 Mark the various-coloured bow!  
 Happy day! &c. &c.

Heroes of that banner gleaming,  
 Ye, who bore it in the fray!  
 Orleans' troops! your blood was streaming  
 Freely on that fatal day!  
 From the page of history  
 We have learn'd the gen'ral cry :  
 Speed, warriors, speed, &c. &c.

Muffled drum! thy music lonely  
 Answers to the mourner's sighs ;  
 Laurels, for the valiant only,  
 Ornament their obsequies !  
 Sacred fane of Liberty,  
 Let their mem'ries never die !  
 Bear to his grave  
 Each warrior brave,  
 Who fell in Freedom's cause, his country's rights to save,  
 Crown'd with fame and victory !

“Charming novelty!” thought Mr. Tupman within himself ; and he would have doubtless sank into a delicious reverie, had not the fair Anastasie, in a sweet and amiable voice, requested to be informed what o'clock it might be by Mr. Tupman’s watch. The gallant and deeply-enamoured swain hastened to comply with the wishes of Mademoiselle de Volage, and accordingly produced his handsome gold repeater, the hands and the dial of which indicated the hour of one.

“Oh what a lovely watch, dat dere!” cried Mademoiselle Anastasie: pray, make me see dat sweet ittle ting”—and, with the most in genuous playfulness, the young lady insisted upon Mr. Tupman’s taking off his watch and chain, and subjecting them to her critical examination. This request was immediately complied with, and the fair Anastasie scrutinized the valuable repeater in a manner, and with an expression of countenance, that seemed to approve of Mr. Tupman’s taste in the selection of little articles of jewellery.

At the very moment when the enraptured lover was about to whisper some sweet compliment in the ears of the fair Anastasie, and compare her eyes to the *deux trous rubis* of his gold watch, or some such high-flown metaphor, one of the cross-looking gentlemen inadvertently whiffed out the candle opposite to him, and the Marchioness as awkwardly extinguished the other in attempting to light the first. An ex-

traordinary scene of confusion immediately took place. Mr. Tupman was knocked from one side to another,—his carcase was the focus at which a hundred fists appeared to meet,—and in his agony he called in vain upon the fair Anastasie for relief. As he has subsequently declared, it appeared as if he were forcibly borne forward by three or four powerful individuals, and continuously shoved out of the front door into the passage, which was as dark as pitch. Dreading lest Mademoiselle de Volage might sustain any injury in a disturbance which he firmly believed the cross gentlemen had created in a moment of ebriation, the gallant Mr. Tupman precipitated himself down the four flights of stairs, and rushed into the street for the purpose of alarming the police. The wicket of the *porte cochere* was closed violently behind him,—and there stood Tracy Tupman, alone, without his hat, *minus* his watch and a thousand francs—in a deserted street, at about half-past *one o'clock in the morning*.

But he had no time for reflection—Anastasie was in danger—Anastasie was left with a set of drunken brawlers—Anastasie was his only care. Frantically did Mr. Tupman run up the street in the direction of the *Rue de la Paix*—vociferously did he call “Police! Police!”—the echoes alone answered his appeal. At length he arrived in the street above mentioned, and there his cries alarmed the sentry at the guard-house opposite the Royal Stamp-Office. Mr. Tupman was accordingly accosted by that functionary, who in vain endeavoured to ascertain the meaning of the unfortunate Englishman’s signs and sayings, and who came to the very natural conclusion that the gentleman was drunk. Mr. Tupman stamped and swore; the soldier shrugged his shoulders, smiled, muttered a terrible oath, and resumed his walk up and down in front of the guard-house.

What was to be done? the wretched Tracy Tupman saw that remonstrance and clamour were useless, and bethought himself that if he could only manage to get as far as Meurice’s hotel, he might there explain his difficulties, and procure assistance to return with him and rescue Anastasie from the violence of the drunken rioters. He accordingly approached the sentinel, ejaculated the words, “Hotel Meurice,” several times, and eventually succeeded in making himself understood. The sentry accordingly summoned another soldier from the guard-house, and, under this convoy, Mr. Tupman was conducted to the *Rue de Rivoli*, and to Meurice’s hotel. With all the fervour of gratitude did he extract from his waistcoat pocket a five-franc piece, which he tendered to the good-natured soldier, who thus had served him as guide and protection in his misfortunes. But the soldier drew back with an air of offended dignity, muttered something about a “*militaire Francais*,” and “*l’honneur de la jeune France*,” and having bowed politely, hastily retraced his steps to the guard-house.

Now it happened that a post-chaise had arrived at Meurice’s hotel only a quarter of an hour previous to Mr. Tupman’s return, and there were lights in the office still. Thither did Mr. Tupman forthwith repair, and there, to his joy, did he find the attentive M. Cailliez seated at his desk. To him was the narrative of his woes immediately unfolded; but the Frenchman, instead of sympathizing with the unfortunate Tracy Tupman, and without proffering his aid in the service of Mademoiselle Anastasie de Volage, bestowed meet comfort and consolation in the following terms:—

"My dear Sir," said M. Cailliez, with an ill-suppressed smile, "you have fallen in with a set of swindlers and cheats, who, taking advantage of your inexperience in Paris, have successfully made you their dupe. By this time, they have all decamped from the apartments which they probably only retained till fortune should throw a victim in their way. Repining is useless, Sir,—and, even if you did make known your loss to the police, the thing would get into the papers—and—excuse me, Sir—all your friends will laugh at you."

Mr. Tupman uttered not a syllable. His countenance assumed an expression of the most profound despair—and in the intense agony of the moment, he seized a glass of brandy and water which stood upon M. Cailliez's desk, and drank off the contents without stopping. He then caught hold of a flat candlestick, and rushed wildly up to his bed-room, disgusted with himself, disgusted with the name of love, disgusted at the deceitfulness of the world, and discovering, when too late, that Mr. Pickwick's advice was invariably founded upon a basis of reason and propriety that would do credit to any country and to any age.

"Come in, Sam," said Mr. Tupman on the following morning, when the attentive Mr. Weller knocked at his door, and was preparing to deposit thereat one of the mystic pots of hot water before alluded to: "come in, Sam—pray do—come in."

"Vell, Sir," observed that individual, acting as he was so solemnly adjured to do: "vot's the next indictment, now, as the gen'leman remarked at the Old Bailey?"

"Sam," said Mr. Tupman, "I'm very—very miserable."

"Air you, indeed, Sir?" enquired Mr. Weller. "An' pray vot is it that may have caused sich a melan-cholly disposition on your part, Sir?"

"My feelings are too sensitive, Sam," returned Mr. Tupman dolefully."

"So the boy said, Sir," observed Mr. Weller, "ven he bust out a-cryin' on the oc-casion of his bein' carried to the House o' Correction."

"I have quarrelled with my old and revered friend, Pickwick," continued Mr. Tupman, heedless of Sam's remarks; "and I don't dare present myself to him till—till—"

"Ne-cessity is the nat'r'ral parent of in-wention, Sir, as the nobleman said ven he pawned his vatch," interrupted Mr. Weller; "an' if so be you rek-vire a ambassador, as ull represent your case to his high and mightiness, I des-say that Samivel Veller, Esk-vire, vill not ob-ject to fill that 'ere capacity."

"Tell him, Sam," exclaimed Mr. Tupman, enchanted with the idea, "tell him that I am ready to apologise for my conduct of yesterday afternoon, and that I hope he will think no more of the matter."

"Weni, widi, wici!" remarked Mr. Weller to himself—he had heard the German courier, who spoke all languages, make use of these words the day before—"so here goes for another am-bassador pleni-potentiary;"—and with all the importance of a diplomatic envoy, he proceeded to execute the commission which Mr. Tupman had entrusted to his discretion.

"I see you ain't left your portable pocket Bible at home, Sir," ob-

served Mr. Weller to his master, when he had duly arranged the shaving apparatus, and was diving into the trunk in quest of a clean shirt.

"No, Sam," said Mr. Pickwick, taking off his night-cap, and putting on his spectacles; "I never travel without it."

"Excellent book, that Bible, Sir," remarked Mr. Weller after a short pause. "Teaches von many admirayble maxims."

"So it does, Sam," coincided Mr. Pickwick. "Which do you think is the most instructive and the best calculated to make a good man?"

"That von in partickler, Sir," answered Sam hastily, "vich talks about the for-giveness of von's enemies, Sir, to be sure."

"So it is, Sam," observed Mr. Pickwick; and now that the ice was fairly broken, Mr. Weller adroitly turned the conversation to the penitence of the wretched Mr. Tracy Tupman.

"Where is my dressing-gown, Sam?" enquired Mr. Pickwick, after a long pause, during which he appeared to have been wrapt up in deep contemplation.

"On that there cheer, Sir," responded Mr. Weller, indicating the place with a dexterous movement of his right arm; "an' a very nice robe-de-shamble it is, too, as the French say."

"'Tis decided!" exclaimed Mr. Pickwick; and having descended from his couch, that great man proceeded to envelope his illustrious person in the dressing-gown alluded to ere now. He then hastened to Mr. Tupman's chamber, and a most affecting interview forthwith ensued.

"Stay," said Mr. Pickwick, as his friend was about to narrate his adventures of the preceding evening. "The weather is rather cold—and—as I haven't got on my breeches, you shall tell me all this presently. We *may* have time, when I think of it, to converse before breakfast. Meet me in the coffee-room in ten minutes, and you shall tell me all your wrongs."

"Agreed!" cried Mr. Tupman; and Mr. Pickwick returned to his apartment to complete his toilet.

Seven minutes and a half sufficed for Mr. Tupman to wash and dress himself on this occasion; and the moment he had thus performed the first duties of the morning, he descended to the coffee-room, to await the arrival of his immortal leader. Three or four gentlemen were seated at as many different tables, engaged in the agreeable occupation of discussing their breakfasts and the newspaper; but the countenance of one who was eating muffins with great precision, immediately attracted Mr. Tupman's attention; and on a nearer survey, he could not fail to distinguish the lines and lineaments peculiar to the face of his friend of the preceding evening, Mr. Hook Walker.

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## TABLEAUX FROM SPORTING LIFE,

BY CRAVEN.

## SKETCH THE SECOND.—NEWMARKET.

(Continued from p. 44.)

IT is not disparaging the general reader to regard him as ignorant of the scenes to which he is about being introduced, nor any token of disrespect for his good sense, to suppose it possible that, wanting experience of it, he may draw upon his knowledge of places dedicated to similar pursuits for an imaginary portraiture. As to the former, I have already said that it is, probably, the precise spot of all Great Britain least known to the greatest number; and for the latter, that it is “of itself its own parallel.” For the first of these it is not easy to account;—there never was a time when matter from real life was so universally sought, or so generally made the subject of works of entertainment. So long as this taste is honourably ministered to, it is a far more healthy literary diet than the garbage of morbid sentimentality with which the novels, called fashionable, were wont to abound; and if it be sometimes catered for in an unworthy spirit, what is there so pure and excellent in design that is not liable to be abused? It was the opinion of Scott, that the success of a public writer was less dependent upon high talents than on the faculty of foreseeing and anticipating the intellectual bias of his age.\* This was the principle upon which his splendid series of prose works was constructed, and, probably, had equal effect upon their popularity. The palate of the reading world was cloyed and satiated with the mawkish miseries of imaginary heroes and heroines, who, through three mortal volumes, were ordained by the publisher to draw their slow lengths “in aromatic pain.” The throne of the impostor, Fiction, was shaken to its foundation, and the reign of the merely imaginary, heroic, and amatory, tottered to its ruin when the master spirit conjured forth “Waverley,” and every Muse strung her golden lyre to welcome the auspicious union of Fact and Fancy!

Many contend that the principle of all historical novels is a pernicious one, and insist that, upon a subject which it is essential that people clearly understand, nothing can be more ill-advised than to offer them allurement for confounding truth with fable. Without offering any opinion upon the probable influence of such works generally, if any have been drawn away by the false lights of “Nigel,” or “Quentin Durward,” I give them at least this consolation, that “the ray which led them was a light from heaven.” The relish for fact, excited by the exquisite preparation which it received at the hands of the magician of the North, originated a demand for more substantial literary food than the *vol-au-vent* of mere fiction supplied. Biography became more popular than any other style of reading, whose object was

\* The Duke de la Roche Foucault, in his celebrated maxims, says, “The height of ability consists in a thorough knowledge of the real value of things, and of the genius of the age we live in;” and Tacitus thus eulogizes Seneca: “Amaenum illi ingenium, et temporis illius auribus accommodatum.”

amusement ; and, strangely enough, he who gave the direction towards this taste, now in his own memoirs, presents it with the choicest morsel to be found in the whole feast of domestic history. The splendid machinery of the Heathen mythology alone, could not bestow immortality upon the poets of Greece and Rome ; their genius is the soul which inhabits and preserves the grosser existence of the fables to which it is allied. The supernatural agency introduced into Shakespeare's plays, was less to aid their designs than to accommodate the spirit of the age for which they were written. In short, Byron has told us that truth is stranger than fiction ; and we have come to the conclusion that it is infinitely more full of interest and entertainment.

In sketching from life there appears a too general desire to copy after the spirit of Salvator, or tint with the colours of Rembrandt. Strong effect is the object, rather than the graceful delineation of a gentle but homely subject : the gloomy Caravaggio ever taking place of the soft and sunny Claude. Now this is wrong ; and even, for the sake of contrast, we should have here and there a Titian, and a Carlo Dolce. If this rule hold in its general application, in the individual instance for which I seek its sanction it is armed with double force. Never more than at this season was there need of a soothing tome of biography for the service of "eyes polite," when a couple of paw-paw volumes of memoirs are "frighting the isle from its propriety." Whatever success attends my attempt, I feel that I merit a portion for the excellence of the materials I put into my work, small though the skill may be with which they are handled.

Allow me to imagine it the noon of a soft spring day, May the month, time the First Spring Meeting, Tuesday, and all on the *qui vive* for the Two Thousand Guineas stakes. The scene is the Saddling Stables adjoining the Ditch ;—their doors are closed, while within the active care of preparation proceeds. In front an anxious semicircle is formed of chariots and horsemen. In the latter moiety though for the most part it acts as the very mirror of knighthood, candour forces me to state, that now and then a shadow passes over it looking strongly like the presentment of a substance that had dropped from a gallows. But not so the other : there the most fastidious must admit that "all is gentle and aristocratic." We will begin with the equipage, towards which chance first arrests our attention. It is a small phaeton, perfectly plain in its construction, drawn by a pair of ponies, a grey and a bay—the tiny postillion is in scarlet, and there are two outriders in blue frocks, mounted upon other two ponies—the equestrian quartett harmonizing as completely to the eye, as ever did the best executed of Haydn's to the ear. All honour to Jupiter Olympus, that there is a point whereon we are inimitable ! Give ear, all ye nations of the earth, and attend, ye re-created of *La Jeune France* in particular, while I speak the words of wisdom to ye aenent this matter. In equipage, style and show are zenith and nadir. Among the various barbarians of the continent of Europe, different abominations prevail—what the Englishman accomplishes by the *mettle* of his horses, the Frenchman attempts by the *metal* of his harness—the whole practice consists in descending by this scale. But I am at my "old lunes" again.

The occupants of this elegant little set-out are, the Countess of Chesterfield and her sister, the Hon. Mrs. Anson, "the glass of fashion and the mould of form." What an answer is there in the appearance and bearing of these beautiful and polished women, to the hollow arguments of those who libel the tendency of the national sports of this truly happy land. I use the word tendency here in a double sense, as applied to habit and its consequence. From the cradle these fair daughters of the house of Forester were used to participate in the Rural Sports of their native country; and taught to regard the practice as doing honour to the character of a high-born British maiden. The habits of their early days are written on my heart; for in the home of their infancy were the golden hours of my life passed. Occasionally the future representative of the noble house of Chesterfield is the companion of the morning drives of his young mother. It is with a strange feeling that I select some spot whence, unseen, I may look upon that fair child,

"While pensive memory ponders o'er the past."

It is little more than noon of life with me, and he is the fourth generation that I have lived to see on the maternal side. His great-grandmother, the loveliest woman of her age, had the rich autumnal tints of beauty still lingering round her when, as a boy, I was presented to her in the breakfast parlour at Ross Hall. Shall I ever forget that introduction? Previous to his accession to the large estates of his uncle, Mr. Cecil Forester occupied the mansion of Ross Hall, situated a few miles from Shrewsbury. At the period I am about to speak of he had given up Leicestershire, and, as hunting with him was a necessary of life, though long accustomed to the luxuries of the Quorn, he had a keen relish for the humbler fare of the S. H. From infancy I had been treated by the family of Forester more as one of their kindred than as a stranger in blood. As I grew to boyhood, from being the nursery playmate of its junior branches I became the pupil in the field of its celebrated chieftain. Whenever the meet of the Shropshire fox-hounds was nearer to Ross Hall than my own abode, thither was I always bidden. Upon the occasion of my presentation to the dowager Duchess of Rutland, I had ridden over upon a warm April morning to breakfast. As I never slept on the night that preceded a hunting day, I was early in the saddle, and when I entered the breakfast room it was still unoccupied. The sun was shining brightly upon the tall windows, at one of which I seated myself in all the abandonment of expectation, known only to the *debutante* of top-boots and their accompaniments. Mr. Forester was the first to enter: he bade me a characteristic good morrow—"Ah, youngster, good sign to see you first at cover"—and left the room before I had time to offer my acknowledgments. When he returned, he was accompanied by one whose mien and bearing left her independent of all announcement—it was the Duchess of Rutland. They approached, and I attempted to rise; but—oh, horror of horrors!—I could not stir from the spot whereon I was seated. "Come, young gentleman, get up and make your best bow," said Mr. Forester; "this is the Duchess—how is it you keep your seat when you are

presented to a lady? I hope your fox-hunting has not spoiled your manners." I made a convulsive effort: it was fruitless—whatever fiend had done it, move I could not. But Cecil Forester was not the man for long deliberation in such cases. Seizing me by both arms, he exclaimed, "What, you won't bolt, won't you? then here goes to put the terriers in," and with a terrible jerk, followed by such a sound! I was projected into the middle of the room,—what would I not have given to have exchanged it for the bottom of the Atlantic! I can even now hear the *view halloo* that succeeded; and then came the solving of the riddle. The sun had some time occupied the sofa before I became its tenant—amateur shoemaking was the fashion of the day—one of its implements, a ball of wax, had been forgotten upon the horrible *fauteuil*—need I go farther? To the "susceptible mind" I leave the application of such a passage in the experience of a cavalier of fifteen summers.

If there be an excuse for the garrulous, to none should it so cheerfully be accorded as to those whose digressions are tinged with "the light of other days." I feel a yearning for these wanderings almost too powerful to resist—but "sunt certi fines," and I fear the penalty of venturing out of bounds. Lady Chesterfield enters into Sporting with all the "spirit of her sire" and the enthusiasm of her lord. She is in her element when the wheel of her phaeton bounds over the green turf, as wholly as Helen Mac Gregor when her step was on the brown heather. To understand how such things can move the heart that delights in them, you should see the lighting up of countenance and the flashing glance of the eye revealed from that tiny carriage when the crimson and blue comes forth, and takes away for "the gap" in its preparatory canter. Her ladyship *must* have an eye of skill for the symmetry and action of a horse; it comes instinctively to her; and I have often heard her say, "We shall not win this," when a very different opinion prevailed among those who were supposed to know better—and seen the proof of the excellence of her judgment. Among the various items of current twaddle, there is one that describes Lady Chesterfield as a heavy speculator on the **Turf**. I am convinced the idea is as unfounded as I believe its motive to be malicious. Perhaps I may be charged with a want of taste in alluding to it at all. I am no advocate for morbid squeamishness. Frank speaking at all events is divested of the suspicions that may be generated by a false delicacy. If my language be plain, it is upon the principle that those to whom it is applied are too exalted to need the aid of cautious obscurity.

"Forefend I were so vicious or so vain,  
However prevalent the taste, as to  
Court popularity by giving pain,  
Or drag forth private life to public view,—  
No! none can more despise the slaves who do!"

But why should any daintiness of speech be considered necessary when alluding to an English lady partaking of her country's popular sports? It can only be accounted for by supposing it a still existing remnant of a conventional mania, that appears to have been epidemic

among certain classes during the last century. Is it not a thing to excite our compassion, to see strong minds falling into the imbecility of mistaking an empty sneer for wit? A biographer of Dr. Johnson has thought it fit to preserve the answer of the lexicographer to an invitation from Lord Pomfret, that he would join him in an airing on horseback—"Sir, I would as soon hire a porter to kick me by way of airing." Where is the point of this stolidity? Even Scott has something of a similar spirit—in his *Diary* there is this passage: "I am but too conscious of having considered the plot as what Bayes calls the means of bringing in fine things, so that in respect of the descriptions it resembled the strings of the showman's box, which he pulls to exhibit in succession Kings, Queens, the battle of Waterloo, Buonaparte at St. Helena, *Newmarket Races*, and White-headed Bob floored by Jemmy from town." If there be any force in the "noscitur a sociis," the Siamese condition of the Turf and the Ring, herein shown, augurs badly for the author's estimate of the former. I trust that a healthier feeling now prevails—I will, at all events, write as though I were assured it were so.

Mrs. Anson's place is occasionally occupied by Lady Albert Conyngham, another fair daughter of the line of Forester: both take evidently much interest in Turf events, but without the enthusiasm of their sister. It would seem that the taste of each, in this instance, is modelled after that of the person with whom it is most fitted that it should sympathize: but of this in the sequel.

There is another Liliputian chariot, drawn by two fairy steeds of iron-gray, and attended by a pair of Elfin serving-men some thirty inches in stature. I have already spoken of Colonel Peel's sporting establishment at Newmarket as being perfect in all its details—that of his lady is its miniature reflection. Gracefully as over the waters of emerald floats the pearl-car of the ocean-born Goddess, and bearing as fair a burden, skims across the green expanse the gossamer equipage of the Lady Alice Peel. Its path is as trackless as that of the morning vapour, and its passage as silent as the fall of a snow-flake. There is not a more singular feature in all the properties of this remarkable place, than the absence of noise with which its business is carried on, contrasted with the working of the social machinery elsewhere. It has far less the character of a scene in real life, than that of a moving Panorama. All goes on with the silence and regularity of a finished piece of mechanism—like clock-work, even to the "tick," "tick," "tick." Lady Alice has the credit of possessing considerable science in the affairs of racing. She does not enter into the business of the scene with the impressive animation of Lady Chesterfield, but the punctuality of attendance with which she honours all the meetings proves the interest she takes in the events connected with them. No weather deters her from visiting the Heath—however scanty the bill of fare, she is certain to be a guest. Were a want of attraction to cause her Ladyship's absence, we should, indeed, be condemned to witness a palpable case of the well-known dilemma—

It were the same, if the bright Sun should say,  
"A dull cold morning this; I will not rise to-day."

Lady Lichfield, in a close carriage, generally visits the saddling stables when any event of interest is on the tapis : Lady Graham, too (the lady of Sir Sandford Graham), is a frequent visitor, as also the Duchess of Cleveland, Mrs. General Grosvenor (who has become as ardent a Turfite almost as the excellent General himself), and last, but far from least of the sparkling items in our sporting sketch, the orange chariot with its happy, lovely freight—the golden beauties of the house of Paget ! Our catalogue is not a lengthened one, but in quality makes more than amends for what it lacks in quantity. With our occasional visitors the list would have been extended beyond convenient limits—enough, that we have given a glance at the *elite*. It is an anxious moment—the doors will soon open ; fair bosoms are beating ; the robust of nerve are shaken ; stout cavaliers look “as you might brain them with their ladies’ fans”—all is excitement. The semi-circle has closed in its eagerness, all are silent and intent, when lo ! a solitary horseman is seen spurring in the distance : his speed is furious : as quick as thought the space between him and the spot he seeks is conquered. And who is he, “in station like the herald Mercury,” on whom bright eyes smile, and to whom the noblest hasten to give courteous greeting ? Who is he, to whom it is accorded to commit such a dangerous experiment in “decent impertinence,” as to intrude upon such a company at such a time ? There is but one on the round world that dared essay it—it is the Count D’Orsay !

What Muse will moult a pinion that I may find a pen suited to trace the notice that I am fain to venture upon ! How utterly have all my predecessors failed ! What idea of the man—if man indeed he be—do they convey, who write him down “*le beau D’Orsay* !” Nash—the periwig-pated, drumstick-shanked small atom of fashion—he was *par excellence* a beau—Sir Charles Grandisson—Lovelace, these were beaus—what do they deserve who class the Count in a genus such as this ! Brummell I cannot remember—Lord Petersham was of my day, and he gave origin to a school of style immeasurably inferior to that instituted by the great professor of Kensington—Gore. If the biographers of Brummell’s reign are to be depended upon, he taught the art of carrying *nonsense* to its limit : the D’Orsay philosophy inculcates by example *how every sense* may, most gracefully and voluptuously, be administered to.

In poor human nature nothing is permitted to be perfect—probably our philosopher has approached as near as any man or woman born can well—nearer, certainly, than any ever has. In appointments he is unrivalled—among the millionaires not one can approach him in equipage : his manner is the ideal of good taste : his bearing elegance itself—his accomplishments as general as individually excellent—in personal endowments Nature has played the prodigal with him—what then, will be demanded, is there left to desire ? It must be said, albeit some may hold it a paradox—he is vile of costume—yea, past all peradventure, abominable in all that appertaineth to the outward man. The word “*dress*” is common to matters both of food and raiment—in each the system, to be good, should be the same. In both the elements should so amalgamate that nothing, either to

palate or eye, should be found to predominate. In this is the head and front of the Count's offending. Look at the silk wherewith his throat is encumbered, enough to astonish all Spitalfields, is not that "a vile fashion?" The retro-verted shirt-wrist, covering six inches of cuff—is not that a thing to be avoided? The lacquered Wellington, and melancholy ambition of hat-band, how *could* such carrion fancies be generated in a mind in all its other creations so refined and *spirituelle*! That kerchief of snowy cambric, with odours like "a bank of violets," perchance is deemed confirmation strong of the effeminacy of him who wields it? See how false conclusions may be drawn from seemly premises: he dates but four hours and forty minutes from Hyde Park Corner, having ridden, by relays of backeys, sixty-five miles or thereabouts in that space, breakfast included.

A door opens, and instant there is a movement. How perfect in symmetry and harmony of motion is the noble animal that comes forth. The jockey's colours are crimson and blue; his complexion is very dark; his air calm and full of self-possession; his whole bearing that of a man about to discharge a responsible but accustomed duty. It is William Scott, and at his side is his brother John, the trainer, who is going to lead canter. They are off, and those who are on the Chesterfield stable ride with them, to reconnoitre the form that things are in at the all-important crisis.

Purple and orange announces Colonel Peel's nomination. Little Arthur Pavis is in a hurry to get clear of the crowd; gently he bears upon the near side rein, lifts himself in his saddle, and giving the word "go along" to Cooper, away they skim. "Arcades ambo"—in the vernacular, trumps and no mistake.

Blue and white is ripe, and the best-humoured, best-looking "boy" in all Newmarket is he who wears it. Lord Exeter gives his quiet glance apart; you never by any accident see him other than as an uninterested spectator, though the turf hath not a better patron, or a warmer lover of the sport. "Now, Turner," is the signal that Connelly is ready, and another couple lead off.

Black and red sleeves is the Lichfield jacket; that is John Day, with a portentous look, and a meaning as recondite as the philosopher's stone. You may be sure he makes short tarrying among a crowd where there is hazard of a chance of whatever kind being thrown away. \* \* \* Now they follow in too rapid succession to admit being particularized. A low phaeton, drawn by two plump orderly galloways, approaches so as to allow Mr. Sowerby to take a peep at his blue satin jacket, and honest jock, Sam Mann: my little friend, William Boyce, shows in the Gunton attire, and whispers to Lord Suffield that he shall be there or near it: Nat, from the crimson and white, is on something of Mr. Batson's, but, from a hasty look! it is not another Plenipo. How brilliant that yellow and scarlet, Look how knowing Sam Rogers is doing it, hinting with a nod to my Lord Uxbridge that his Grace of Richmond has had many a more forlorn hope to encounter than the present.

The stables are empty, but where is the lion of the day? "Lord Jersey saddles at the Round Course stables."—Ah! the Villiers is never to be caught napping! You pass the bridle gate that leads

through the Ditch, and the blue and buff stripe is just in front of you at a hand-gallop. James Robinson is at the post when the second hand points that the time for starting has arrived. Yes, his seat is all elegance, and no wonder you pause to enjoy the sight of such an artist, so mounted and appointed; but if you would see the Ring in its climax, turn your courser's head and spur away for the betting post upon the Flat. Already the various equipages have taken up their positions skirting the ropes, and the Stewards' stand of green canvass, mounted upon its waggon, is occupied by the privileged. "Is Chaos come again," methinks I hear you cry, "or is it the crack of doom?" "Take heed, lest the hurly-burly throw thee off thy prudence; gird up thy loins, for many are lying in wait for thee." In this way the common delf of human clay is prone to counsel all who visit scenes like this. Throw such counsel to the dogs when applied to Newmarket; reserve it, if needs must be, for vulgar trystings, and revellings of unhandsome clowns.

Here we with Dukes and Viscounts overflow,  
 Whose oligarchic glances quite go through you:  
 And 'tis more reputable much to go  
 The road to ruin with a Peer or two, you  
 Ought to feel sensible—Lords! Commons! so—  
 You should be proud they condescend to *do* you.

Hark! Now peals the artillery of the lungs: didst ever hear traffic more tuneable? Every quality of voice is uplifted, from the thorough *bass* to the *falseitto*. The betting post is life's alembic, and the last moments preceding an important race are its most precious distillations. Small wonder that they are so intoxicating—their effect so maddening. Look there, is that a flying bed of tulips? How rare and exquisite are the tints of that meteor prism! An instant scatters the "slaves of the ring" in most admired disorder. "HERE THEY COME" is one universal cry. "Exeter's in front;" "There, Richmond has caught him at the rise of the bushes;" "John Day is coming up;" "Connelly's at work already;" "Jersey has it—Jem is pulling double—five to one on him." They are within the ropes; the clamour cleaveth the welkin: "Now Lichfield!" "Now Exeter!" "It's all Jersey's own!" "Don't halloo till you're out of the wood!" "Your journey's not over till you're past the Bricklayer's Arms!"\* Another stride, and the tree of knowledge is pluck'd—all's known!

(To be continued in our next.)

\* Mr. John Clark, the judge at Newmarket, and most of the great meetings in the South, is also an architect and builder; hence the *pungency* of this *joc-ularity*.

## THE CANADA QUESTION.

THERE is no subject on which it is so easy to declaim as liberty. Rights and privileges are fine things, and immediately captivate the mass. Crowds, who have neither leisure nor ability to examine, at once and willingly receive whatever doctrines are heralded by such pompous titles. Hence the facility with which ingenious demagogues generally lift themselves into power. They have only to talk largely to men, of injustice and oppression, and if their minds be not sadly unstrung, they are sure to wake all the finest emotions of their nature. Liberty, forsooth! Abstractedly, indeed, there cannot be a finer subject; it appeals to all the noblest sympathies of the human heart. It often happens, however, that when men take it as their theme, they are likely, if they be possessed of warm temperaments, not only to deceive others, but eventually to be deceived themselves. They lose themselves in their subject; their enthusiasm kindles as they proceed, their judgment swings from its moorings, and passion alone becomes their monitor and their guide.

The late events with regard to Canada afford a pretty strong illustration of this. The advocates of the Canadians with us have been blinded by their zeal ; they have endeavoured to push on their principles without either discrimination or discretion, and consequently have failed to detect the wide difference that exists between men who are seeking for their rights peacefully and constitutionally, and insurgents who have unfurled the standard of rebellion and plunged their country into civil war. Messrs. Roebuck and Hume have spoken long and vehemently upon the subject ; but amid all the grievances which they have enumerated, they have never come to the real gist of the question, or condescended to point out in what way the Canadians were so severely oppressed, as to justify them in the desperate alternative to which they have unfortunately resorted.

But let us turn now to a fair and impartial examination of the whole subject at issue ; and to the end that we may do so the better, it will be necessary to take a short retrospective review of the history of Canada, from the time that it first came into the possession of the British crown down to the present period.

By the treaty of peace of 1763, Canada was ceded to us by France; the population of the country was then about 60,000; they were almost all of French extraction, and were governed by the laws, usages, and customs, of the monarchy of France. Thus they continued till the year 1774, when the famous Quebec act was passed. By this act the Canadians were treated much more leniently than any other British colonists. They were allowed to remain in the undisturbed enjoyment of their own customs and their own language in the courts; the security of the Catholic church, with all its revenues, was guaranteed to them, and the maintenance of seignorial tenures was continued. The only change was, that the criminal law of England was introduced. This state of things lasted till the

year 1791, when a bill was introduced by Mr. Pitt, by which a fixed form of government was established in the colony. By this act Upper and Lower Canada were divided, and similar constitutions granted to both. The analogy between these colonial governments and the British constitution was observed as closely as possible. There was given to each, a governor, corresponding to our king; an executive council, corresponding to our ministry; a legislative council, composed of members appointed by the crown for life, and corresponding as closely as possible to our House of Lords; and a House of Assembly elected by the people, and corresponding to our House of Commons.

With regard to the fitness of such a form of government, it is easy for men now, after the experience of so many years, authoritatively to decide; but it should be recollected that the framers of the measure were placed in altogether different circumstances; they had nothing to guide them, they were legislating prospectively, and Mr. Pitt himself declared that the measure was completely experimental.

The distribution of the revenues of the province was one of the first causes of complaint. And after much discontent, manifested at different times by the House of Assembly, they at length, upon the death of Geo. III., came to a resolution to appropriate, in separate items, the whole revenues of the province, amounting to 140,000*l.*, including about 34,000*l.*, annual permanent revenue, and a small hereditary revenue, both hitherto received and distributed at the pleasure of the executive. To this, however, the crown would not consent; and Lord Dalhousie, upon his return to Canada, in 1825, refused to sanction the appointment of M. Papineau as Speaker of the House of Assembly; the house refused to elect any other, and it was immediately dissolved. A petition was then signed by 87,000 of the inhabitants, and forwarded to the king, in which various charges were brought against the governor, and amongst others that of arbitrary conduct, in applying public money without legal appropriation, and in violently proroguing and dissolving the assembly. A committee of the House of Commons was then appointed to take the affairs of Canada into consideration. This committee, in due time, made their report, from which we take the following extract:—

“That although, from the opinion given by the law officers of the crown, the committee must conclude, that the legal right of appropriating the revenues arising from the act of 1744, is vested in the crown, they are prepared to say, that the real interests of the province would be best promoted by placing the receipt and expenditure of the whole public revenue under the superintendence and control of the House of Assembly. On the other hand, the governor, the members of the executive council, and the judges, should be independent of the annual votes of the House of Assembly for their respective salaries.”

This recommendation had its due effect with the government at home; in proof of which we take the following extract from a despatch of Lord Goderich to Lord Aylmer, dated Dec. 24, 1830:—

“It appears to me, therefore, and appeared to my predecessor, Sir Geo. Murray, to be indispensably necessary that an immediate

and amicable adjustment of the question should be brought about; and her majesty's government is decidedly of opinion that any attempt at such an adjustment would be ineffectual which did not involve the entire assignment of the revenue raised under the acts in question, to the disposal of the provincial legislature, under a conviction that they will assent to such a reasonable grant of a civil list as may be necessary for ensuring, at all events, the independence of the governor and the judges."

Accordingly, in compliance with these suggestions, the demand of the House of Assembly was assented to, and in 1831 a formal surrender of the revenues took place, upon the understanding that a reasonable civil list should be granted to the executive.

It might have been expected that the House of Assembly would have now remained satisfied and contented. The contrary, however, was the case—they commenced to agitate more fiercely than ever. They sent up several bills to the upper house, which, being of a dangerous and anti-British nature, the upper house wisely rejected. They then began to cry out for an elective chamber, and their factious proceedings continued till 1833, when, although the surrender of the revenues was made to them conditionally, they stopped the supplies *in toto*, and thereby suspended the payment of the salaries of all the executive servants of the crown. The consequence was, that for four years and a half the judges, and other officers of government, remained unpaid. For four years and a half—for so long a time did the government at home vainly wait, in the hope that the assembly might at length be induced to change its determination.

In such a state of things there remained only two courses for the government to follow; either to assent to all the demands of the House of Assembly (which, as shall afterwards appear, would have amounted to a virtual resignation of the colony), or to obtain a vote of the Imperial Parliament empowering the governor to seize upon the revenues in the colony. This latter course was followed, and Lord John Russell, last session, passed, in the House of Commons, his well-known resolutions upon the subject. So soon as these resolutions were made known and acted upon in the colony, the Papineau party became outrageous. Meetings were immediately held, and the most violent and seditious speeches were delivered. Warrants were then issued by the governor against the leaders; many of them were taken prisoners. The followers of Papineau flew to arms, rescued the prisoners, and the civil war commenced.

These are the simple facts of the case, and from them we may fairly draw the following inferences:—

**FIRSTLY.**—That at all times there was considerable difficulty in dealing with Canada, in consequence of the great majority of the inhabitants being of French extraction, and, as such, attached to all the habits and customs of the monarchy of France. Two parties, in fact, were growing up in the colony—the British and the French party. The British party being comparatively so insignificant in number, could not have kept their ground if it were not for the protection which they received from the government. Thus the govern-

ment, in self-defence, and in order to insure the continuance of the colony to the mother country, were obliged to act in opposition to the majority, and thus subjected themselves to the charge of partiality and injustice.

**SECONDLY.**—That the Imperial Parliament has at all times shown an anxiety to govern the colony upon just and equitable principles, and to assent to such demands as were just, reasonable, and constitutional. Thus, in 1791, they gave them a form of government, assimilated as closely as possible to the British constitution. In 1818 they gave them the control over the revenue. In 1828 they appointed a committee to consider the affairs of Canada; that committee made their report, containing certain recommendations to the government; and in 1831 a formal surrender of all the revenues of the province took place. In further proof of this point we may give the following instance:—A committee was appointed in 1834 to inquire how far the recommendations of the committee of 1828 had been carried into effect. Of this committee, Mr. Hume (who afterwards resigned), Mr. Roebuck, and Mr. O'Connell were original members, and Sir W. Molesworth was afterwards added to the number: that committee made the following report:—

“Your committee consider it their duty to declare it their opinion, that a most earnest anxiety has existed, on the part of the home government, to carry into execution the suggestions of the select committee of 1828, and that the endeavours of the government to that end have been unremitting, and guided by the desire, in all cases, to promote the interests of the colony; and your committee have observed with much satisfaction, in several important particulars, their endeavours have been completely successful.”

Upon this point it is hardly necessary to insist farther.

**THIRDLY**, we may infer, that the last act of the government, by which it seized upon the revenues of the province, was imperative and unavoidable. They had only to adopt one of two courses—either to concede to their demands, which would have endangered the security of the colony, or to act as they have done. There was, indeed, at the time, another course suggested, but it was one to which it could hardly be expected that the people of this country would ever give their consent, namely, to pay the officers in the colony out of the treasury at home.

We come now to consider what the demands of the Canadians actually were. They may be classed under the six following heads.

**FIRST**, That the legislative council should be made elective.

**SECONDLY**, That the executive council should be subjected to the control of the House of Assembly.

**THIRDLY**, That the law of tenures should be abolished.

**FOURTHLY**, That the Land Company's Act should be repealed.

**FIFTHLY**, That the crown lands should be surrendered.

**SIXTHLY**, and lastly, that all sinecures should be done away with.

The Canadians required that their upper house should be elective. To this demand the Imperial Parliament could not, even with any degree of consistency, consent. We have not as yet, at home, re-

cognised the principle, that the upper chamber should be elective. We have our House of Lords, differing, it is true, from the upper chamber of the Canadian legislature, but differing only where difference is unavoidable. There was no hereditary aristocracy in Canada, and consequently they could have had no hereditary upper chamber as we have; but in demanding now that it should be elective, they are absolutely asking that which would not be granted to the mother country itself.

But under the peculiar circumstances of Canada, the making the legislative chamber elective would be still more objectionable; for it is plain that it would be only a second edition of the lower house. Indeed, the only reason that induces the House of Assembly to make such a demand is the hope, that if it were elective it would not oppose any of their measures. Thus it would be a second House of Assembly, only under a different name; the followers of Papineau would predominate in it, and where then would be the security for British interests? The French faction would then easily carry all their other measures; and from the moment that such a change was introduced, the possession of the colony might be said to have been virtually ceded.

Secondly, their demand that the executive council should be subjected to the control of the House of Assembly is equally objectionable; it is founded altogether on a complete misapprehension of the difference between the Colonial Legislature and the Imperial Parliament. In order that the government should be carried on, there must be a community of interests and objects between the ministry at home, and, if we may call them so, the ministry in the colony. Now, as matters are arranged at present, this is permanently secured; the governor abroad represents the government at home. But let the change demanded once take place, and then, as the executive council must be changed, like our ministry at home, as the votes of the lower house may determine, we might have an executive council completely opposed to the policy of the governor; the governor, as the king's representative, or as the representative of the government, might be directed to carry certain acts into effect; but the executive council, representing the feelings of the majority of the lower house, might be opposed to him, and consequently step in and put their *veto* upon his proceedings. In such a case, either the affairs of government would be completely paralyzed, or matters carried on in such a manner, that the colony would be completely removed beyond the control of the mother country.

The abolition of the law of tenures, and the repeal of the Land Company's Act, could not be granted without the utmost injustice to individuals; and, strange indeed, as if to show the crooked and distorted notions which the Canadian malcontents have of justice, they demand that the present law of tenures should be abolished, and yet at the same time say not a word about indemnifying the present ~~solders~~ for any losses they might in consequence incur. The same remark applies to the Land Company's Act; Great Britain could not consent to have it repealed without the utmost injustice towards those persons who have gone out and taken land upon the faith of the mother country—naturally believing that their rights and inter-

ests would be firmly and permanently secured to them. And here, in these very two demands, we may more clearly see the ultimate objects which M. Papineau and his party have in view. They know that while those acts remain in force, there will be every encouragement to British emigration, and consequently they wish to see them abolished, in order that in a still greater degree, the ascendancy may be thrown into the hands of the French Canadian faction.

The surrender of the waste lands would be altogether inconsistent with that national dominion which every mother country should hold in a colony which is under her subjection.

The last of their demands, namely, the abolition of sinecures, is the only one which seems to be at all reasonable, but it is one which could only be acceded to by slow degrees, as the present incumbents dropped off; and there is little doubt, if they had only exercised a little patience, that in time this evil would have been remedied. And the refusal of all these demands are the grounds upon which they have stopped the supplies, and plunged their country into civil war! But then, say Mr. Roebuck and the other advocates of the Canadians on this side of the Atlantic, these demands were just, and therefore they ought to have been conceded to.

Even admitting this, even granting, for the sake of argument, that they were just, for that is all along the plea of apology that is adduced, then comes the question on which we may fairly grapple with the supporters of Papineau—namely, whether they had arrived at that awful crisis in the condition of countries, when an appeal to arms was the only alternative that was left to them.

No man can deny that it may be necessary for a people sometimes to take up arms in their own defence; such a case, however, is of rare occurrence—centuries may pass away without producing it. It may be said to have arrived only when all other means of obtaining redress have failed, when no ray of hope comes in from any other quarter, and besides this, it is necessary that the grievances complained of should be so galling, the burdens so oppressive, that the liberties of the people should be so severely crippled, their privileges so unjustly assailed, and their happiness and comforts so tyrannically interfered with, that the calamities of war were even preferable to the miseries of submission. But were the Canadians in such a state? Where were the grievances of so horrible and revolting a nature that they have ever complained of? If any such have existed, they and their supporters on this side of the water have certainly acted very injudiciously in not detailing them. They could not possibly have had a better opportunity of moving the sympathies of the nation; a people who gave twenty millions to emancipate the blacks would not have remained inert and listless while the Canadian colonists were groaning under oppressions. But no such instances have been adduced. On the contrary, they have carefully abstained from going into details, and have contented themselves with broad and general assertions about the justice of their demands. And how really stands the case? every witness corroborates the fact, that as regards their internal and domestic condition, no people in the world are more happy and comfortable than the Canadians; and

yet this country, thus happily situated, by means of the insidious practices of a few restless framers of disaffection, has been made the theatre of a bloody and, perhaps, a protracted conflict. It is in vain, indeed, that knowledge and improvement are advancing with such a steady progress over the world, while a few rash and reckless demagogues thus endeavour to turn back the tide of civilization, and make a country desolate in order to make it free.

"But," says Mr. Hume,\* "they have exposed themselves, during the severities of a Canadian winter, to the miseries of civil war, and that is enough to prove that their cause must be a just one." Wise and philosophic inference! Why all the insurrections that have ever taken place since the commencement of the world, might be justified on the same principle. Catiline and his associate took up arms, and exposed themselves to the "disastrous accidents" of war; and, therefore, according to Mr. Hume, their cause must have been a just one. The Jack Cades and the John Balls of former years did the same; and, therefore, their cause must have been a just one. The Irish rebels in 98, did the same, and, therefore, their cause must have been a just one. In fact, there is no one species of sedition, or insurrection, or rebellion, that has ever taken place from the time that as Horace tells us men fought with their nails and fists, till they came to use more polished instruments of warfare, to which the universal logic of Mr. Hume is not most conveniently suited—it apologises for them all.

Again says Mr. Roebuck, "they have been refused their various demands, and is not that a grievance?" Yes; but this is completely shirking the question; for Mr. Roebuck is bound, now that he has stepped into the arena, as the advocate of insurgents, to prove, not that they had any grievances to complain of; but that those grievances were of such a nature—so severely and intolerably galling, that they are justified in taking up arms to obtain redress.

There is, indeed, a case in point with regard to this country. Who does not recollect the outcry that was raised against the House of Lords, when, a first time and a second time, they threw out the Reform Bill? Or even to come down to a still later period, when in the session of 1835, they threw out the Irish Church and Corporation Bills. But, would Mr. Roebuck, or any of his *compeers*, dare to assert that the people of England would then have been justified in resorting to arms in order to free themselves from a refractory and obnoxious house of legislature? we opine not. They would hardly have carried their enthusiasm so far;—indeed it has never even been whispered by any the most violent, that a civil war then would have been on any grounds justifiable. 'Tis true, there was but a small section of the community who then joined in this ultra-democratic cry. But then, the Canadian party are not now more numerous. Why then will these men approve of, in the case of Canada, what upon a similar occasion, with regard to this country, they would have most strenuously reprobated and disowned? It remains for them alone to explain the inconsistency.

Again we hear it now frequently stated, that Canada is of no benefit to this country; even supposing the assertion to be correct,

\* Mr. Hume's speech at the Crown and Anchor Meeting.

surely this is no time to put it forward. It is not when a colony is in revolt that we are to make that very convenient discovery, that it would be our interest to abandon it. What else would this be than to hold out a premium to sedition? Colonists would thus at once perceive, that truly they themselves alone were to blame, if they were not erected into an independent nation; for they might naturally conclude that as soon as they showed a determined spirit of resistance, that moment the mother country would discover that the colony was only a burden, and that it was her interest to resign it as soon as possible.

The trade with Canada affords a vast field for the surplus capital of this country to be employed upon. It is, moreover, of immense advantage to us to have such a vast tract of territory to which the redundant population of the mother country may conveniently emigrate, with the comfortable prospect before them of enjoying the same rights, and privileges, and securities, which they did at home.

Are we not bound to pay some attention to the interests of the British settlers at present residing in Lower Canada? These men, or their immediate ancestors, have gone out with their families and their properties, under the implied security of British protection, and are they now to be given up to the tender mercies of a set of French Canadian democrats? Where lie the justice, the honour, the integrity, of the British empire, if its deliberations and its decisions are to be swayed by such paltry and miserable motives? A new light, forsooth, has broken in upon us—a new theorem in political science has been discovered—all the advantages derived from colonial intercourse are to be set at nought, compared with a few pounds subtracted from our national exchequer, and we are therefore to break faith with our own countrymen, and to leave them, exposed and unprotected, to the utter hatred and the rankling jealousy of *la nation Canadien*. Forbid it honour, forbid it justice! We will not act so mean, so despicable, so unnatural, a part.

We have now stated the question fairly and impartially. Ere this will have appeared, it is probable the rebellion will have been put down. Into the fitness or unfitness of the measures proposed by the ministry for the future government of Canada, it would be ill-timed now to enter. Any ministry must, indeed, feel considerable difficulty in dealing with that country. It is to be hoped, however, that in the treatment of the insurgents, justice will be tempered with mercy, and the sins of a few factious leaders will not be visited too heavily upon the misguided crowd, who, unfortunately for themselves and for their country, have been seduced from their allegiance and hurried into revolt. It should now be the first object of every government to smooth and soften down, as much as possible, all the bitterness and rancour that has been engendered—to discountenance and check all seditious agitation, at the same time that it grants redress to whatever complaints are well founded and just—to look upon all the peacable and well-disposed without either jealousy or favouritism, and to prove to the colony, by a wise, temperate, and impartial administration of the laws, that its interests are likely to be best promoted by its continuing still to enjoy the blessings and the privileges of British protection and British rule.

## LETTERS FROM GERMANY AND BELGIUM.

Oct. 1836.

THE drive between Spa and Liege is rich in a variety of romantic attraction; the Derbyshire style of scenery continuing to prevail in increased beauty. In the public diligence I proved fortunate enough to meet with an intelligent German gentleman, resident in Belgium for commercial purposes, who kindly favoured me with much minute information regarding the manufactures of the country; and from his statement, Belgium certainly appears to be, next to England, having reference to the amount of its population, the most extensively manufacturing country of the world; and it is even a question whether, adopting the strict principle of proportion, she may not rival even Britain herself. Between Spa and Liege, we passed by a multitude of manufactories; and the latter town, with its neighbourhood, combine the varied operations of our Leeds, Manchester, and Birmingham. The population is estimated at 70,000, and they are as thoroughly Catholic as even His Holiness could desire. Mr. Cockerell appears to be the Crœsus of these parts, and his name is that which is generally mentioned to gratify the curiosity of enquiring English travellers. This gentleman's manufacturing operations were commenced during the war, under Napoleon's auspices, and he has continued them with much spirit and success ever since; so that, perhaps, few countries are more indebted to any commercial individual than Belgium is to Mr. C. Indeed, but for the spirit infused by his example, it is not improbable that she might still have lingered behind in industry, notwithstanding the advantages she enjoys in an abundant supply of coal and iron, as well as a central position, communicating with the Rhine on one side, and opening to the ocean on the other. Mr. C. is interested in various descriptions of manufactures, viz. of cotton, iron, and steam-engines; and has even extended the latter branch of his business as far as Berlin and Constantinople. Manufacturing and commercial industry would appear to flourish among the nations somewhat in proportion to the measure of political freedom they enjoy, and confirmatory of this test, we find that England, France, America, Switzerland, Belgium, and Saxony, are incomparably superior in these respects to other countries having less liberal political institutions. The river Meuse flows through Liege, and a very handsome bridge, which is in process of erection over it, was pointed out to us as having already fallen four times before completion, from which it might be quaintly inferred that the *arch-fiend* had some peculiar antipathy to any means for facilitating the passage of the Meuse. Several of the churches of Liege are handsome, and a considerable proportion of the town is very ancient;—having narrow streets, not particularly clean, with the houses high and gloomy; so that it only required the aid of manufacturing smoke, confusion, and care-worn aspect, to make the feeling of disagreeableness complete. We found the museum of natural history attached to the university extensive and

well arranged, while behind it is a respectable botanical garden, where, if city smoke may contribute to the preservation of plants, the various vegetable families are particularly well cared for. The manufacturing interests here, as elsewhere, are at present very flourishing, but they have been frequently subject to the same ebbs and flows of prosperity as in England.

Though at present wages are high, and the operatives fully employed, our *valet de place* gave a very distressing picture of their situation, when the case has unfortunately been otherwise. These violent fluctuations are so injurious to the health and happiness of the working classes, that it would surely be desirable, by any means (even a law of compulsion), to secure the excess of their earnings, during prosperity, to be applied for their benefit when the evil days arrive.

Belgium manufactures so much more than she requires, that her chief difficulty now lies in finding markets for the surplus; and this she does to a certain extent in America, Spain, and the Mediterranean, as well as by her productions being clandestinely introduced into France and Germany. This latter contraband intercourse appears to be sufficiently proved by the fact of the official imports of Belgium being double the amount of her exports; while the true balance of trade is doubtless on the other side; for the secret Belgian exporters, and their canine assistants, with a feeling of modesty peculiar to their vocation, are too well-bred to disturb the slumbers of the custom-house officers on the French and German frontiers, by a nocturnal request to have their wares examined and registered. Belgium has long expected that France would make some liberal concessions, which might admit her manufactures on moderate duties; but to hope for liberality from the French government on any commercial subject is the most visionary of expectations, as the Belgians must soon discover. On the other hand, Belgium is suffering from the German commercial league, which nearly excludes her from that market by open intercourse. An opinion is however entertained, that she would be readily admitted as a member, and, if that view is correct, there can be no doubt that it would be to her full of advantages, possessing as she does much greater manufacturing facilities than any of the states which now form it. If however there are, as is believed, political objects embraced by that treaty, her connexion with France may seem to require a sacrifice of commercial advantages for political protection; though I humbly conceive that her truest safeguard might be found in a friendly commercial alliance with the powers of Germany.

The drive from Liege to Namur, along the Meuse, has at least sufficient of interest to induce travellers passing from Aix la Chapelle to Brussels to add to their enjoyment by adopting the route by Spa, Liege, and Namur. This latter town has an aspect moderately agreeable, as its manufactures are not to such an extent as to taint the whole atmosphere with smoke, or fill the streets with sallow artizans. The principal church is, as usual, the chief architectural ornament of Namur, unless it may be permitted to bring in competition its high and ancient strong hold, the citadel. On climbing up to this place of strength, our guide unhesitatingly assured me it was stronger than Gibraltar,

and could not possibly be taken. Happening to know nothing of these fortifications, excepting through my uncle Toby, I took the trouble to enquire whether they never had been taken, and our conductor was compelled to confess that they had surrendered to Louis XIV. ; but added, that many millions of florins having been since expended in improvements, they were now deemed impregnable. Be that, however, as it may, the view from such a high position, over the valley of the Meuse, is, entirely apart from the surrounding bastions and counterscarps, worthy of being seen. The theatre of the place was the other evening more densely crowded than might have been expected in a town whose population does not exceed 20,000, but the noisy manners of the company formed an extreme contrast to the genteel quietude so remarkable throughout Germany, where the lowest appear to vie with the highest in propriety of demeanour ; and, in this respect, the manners exhibited in the theatre of Namur, more resembled those one meets with in the minor playhouses of England.

It appears that in this country English operatives are frequently employed in the coal and iron mines, on account of the greater quantity of labour they perform, and the effect that such examples of superior industry produce on the energies of the natives. Indeed, the labouring classes of England, and those of the Continent, would appear to act on principles of extreme opposition in this respect ; the pride of the former consisting in going through the greatest possible quantity of labour, and that of the latter in performing the least that may escape censure.

A monument has been erected at Namur to the memory of those who fell in fighting to accomplish the revolution of 1830. *Les braves Belges encore.* Probably the most ready method to make a people either brave or virtuous, is to flatter them by assuming that they already possess those qualities ; and this impression would appear to be acted on in Belgium, where it might have seemed hopeless to acquire such a reputation by action ; but it is comparatively easy to maintain one that is assumed as established.

Westward of Namur the country is agriculturally rich, and prettily undulating ; but hedges have, much to our regret, again nearly disappeared from the landscape. The field of Waterloo is, even at this remote period, sufficiently interesting to merit a second visit from natives of England, for though rambling citizens of the world may fancy that they have overcome the narrow spirit of nationality, it would appear that this is difficult to be realized, as we recently passed by Leipsic and several other important battle-fields without even encountering the trouble to walk over the ground, whereas, here a different feeling was experienced, and, assisted by the best of guides, Sergeant Major Cotton (a Waterloo man), we deliberately traversed the positions, and had the various points of attack and defence indicated to us. The undulations of the ground, as well as the happy choice of position made by the duke of Wellington, doubtless, render it, exclusive of national feeling, a more than usually interesting field. His Grace is reported to feel much dissatisfied with the immense pyramid of earth which the king of Holland has caused to be heaped up in honour of Dutch and Belgian heroism, for the size of the monu-

ments thus ludicrously appears to be in an inverse ratio to the merits of the parties, the English soldiery having none, and the Prussians, as well as Brunswickers, very modest ones, while the ill-merited emblematic lion of Nassau presumes to soar 200 feet high. A nation may consist of good citizens, who may yet make very bad soldiers, and the highest English authority is said to consider both the Dutch and Belgians in this light, as is sufficiently proved by his piquant remark made in 1830, ‘If the Belgians cannot beat the Dutch, who the devil can they beat?’ It is impossible to avoid regretting that our victory of 1815 had not been somewhat more decisively gained before the Prussian troops arrived; and a commander, who had considered his own glory rather than the safety of the world, might with every prospect of success have commenced offensive operations sooner, and probably have gained the day without assistance; but his Grace preferred the sure game, and Europe has largely reaped its fruits. The fury of the French assaults, and the firmness of British resistance, on that occasion, may, probably, be better illustrated by two lines, which memory suggests, from Ossian, than it could be by a volume:—“As a thousand waves roll on a rock, so Swarran’s host came on; and as a rock receives a thousand waves, so Innesphail met Swarran.” The pursuit by the Prussians is reported to have been carried on without quarter being granted; and if the book of description speaks correctly, so panic-struck were Napoleon’s old militaires, that the approach of even a few of Blucher’s soldiers was sufficient to put to more disordered flight five times their number; so that their conduct on this occasion exactly corresponds with that recorded of the Gauls, two thousand years ago, that in the assault they were more than men, and in defeat less than women. There are, no doubt, to be found, on the Continent, several modern battle-fields where greater slaughter has occurred, but, certainly, none so productive of immediate results, and none so saturated with British blood—“How that red rain hath made the harvest grow!” Frederick the Great is said to have remarked, with more wit than piety, that Providence always decided battles in favour of the party having the greatest number of cannon in the field; and it may be doubtless a good general rule, but certainly did not hold on this occasion, for the French are reported to have as far out-numbered the duke in their artillery as in their numbers.

As the chivalrously gallant marquis of Anglesea has still one leg left, it is to be regretted that he does not employ it in kicking down the monument which bad taste has here erected to the other. Mrs. Trollope’s remarks on this subject appear very just; and it seems especially wrong that a *right* leg should be commemorated by such a *gaucherie* in taste. To me, however, (concluding that it has been approved of,) the monument appears to breathe the air of English exclusiveness, of which Mrs. T. would not complain, and to say as plainly as words could have done—“The leg of a noble marquis is more worthy of a monument than the mortal remains of thousands of brave but humble men.” It is not altogether improbable that the loyal people of some other countries might have so commemorated the loss of a royal limb, and, for doing so, the “divinity that doth hedge a king” might have afforded some excuse;

but in England a similar divinity seems to be claimed for every one who wears a coronet. We might, I think, in vain search over the Continent to find another spot where the shattered fragment of a living soldier has been so distinguished; indeed, from the super-abundant pride of our countrymen in reference to Waterloo, the continental critics are too apt to allege, that the whole military glory of our country is concentrated in that victory; and, following the same rule, they may possibly very erroneously imagine, that the chief pride of the noble marquis of Anglesea resided in his lost leg. It was, you will admit, an especially singular coincidence for four persons from Sierra Leone (which has been nicknamed the white man's grave), to meet, by accident, on the charnel field of Waterloo. Such a rencontre, nevertheless, actually occurred this morning, to the infinite surprise of all parties; and as death was on such a spot the most natural subject for contemplation, I felt disposed, from a recollection of tropical mortality, almost to admit the probability of Napoleon's assertion, that the colonies of England had cost more human life than all his battles.

Brussels, with its 100,000 people, may be understood to have at all times a sufficiency of bustle and public amusement to satisfy persons who are not very unreasonable in their demands for pleasure; and if the rule to judge of the agreeableness of a place by the number of English residents in it be correct, Brussels must be highly attractive; for there are generally 3000 or 4000 of our compatriots resident here; which is probably the greatest number in any single city of the Continent, Paris excepted. The court end of this capital stands high, and is clean, as well as elegant, while the low town is disagreeably the reverse; and a remarkable illustration of the comparative healthfulness of the two quarters occurred here during the prevalence of cholera some years since. In the low town, where there are canals, stagnant waters, and all sorts of abominations, 1500 persons fell victims to this malaria cholera in a few weeks of hot weather, while in the clean and airy part of the town not a single family suffered.\* The interior of the cathedral of Brussels is peculiarly noble, and the carved oak pulpit, by Ver Breughen, is curiously beautiful; but some of its fancy figures, such as monkeys playing with cocoa-nuts in the garden of Eden, are certainly not the most happily appropriate ornaments for the interior of a sacred edifice. The Belgian exhibition of modern pictures is now open, and several of its historical subjects, as well as the portraits, cattle-pieces, and domestic groups, appear honourable to the state of national art. The finish and expression of a few small pictures by Brias, in particular, seem to rival that of some

\* I recollect to have recently heard a commercial gentleman, who resided at Riga when this disease first appeared there some years since, explain its causes very forcibly. Riga is, it appears, surrounded by a marsh, and, at the commencement of summer, the sun, acting on its mud, caused a malaria exhalation, ending in cholera. The disease ran its course, carrying off great numbers, but the marsh became dry as the summer advanced, and the disorder entirely ceased. A few weeks later the great annual fair took place, and much dissipation prevailed, in consequence of which, cholera again appeared, and proved nearly as fatal as before, but ceased when dissipation ended; thus showing two distinct choleras, one from malaria, and one from dissipation, each ceasing with its cause.

of the old Dutch masters; and a family group, with a young artist preparing to perpetuate them on canvass, by I forget whom, is as happy in expression as in execution, while a flock of wolves attacking a convoy of horses evinces a truly ravenous spirit. It is not easy, even for persons resident here, to ascertain with much certainty the true state of political opinion; but there seems to be a prevailing impression that all the younger members of society, as well as the commercial classes generally, are strongly in favour of the present settlement of state affairs, while a few of the old noblesse, and persons under obligations to the house of Nassau, may still look forward with a fast fading ray of hope to the Prince of Orange. Holland having no natural or political claim upon Belgium, at the termination of the last war, the congress must have annexed it as a matter of pure favour to the Dutch family. After an experiment of about sixteen years, it was sufficiently proved that the king of Holland had failed either to conciliate or treat with impartiality his new subjects, so being abandoned by Austria, and having no strictly legitimate sovereign, the people have chosen one for themselves. King Leopold has, therefore, even on Holy Alliance principles, an equally legitimate right to the kingdom as any prince of the house of Nassau, even had one of them been chosen, while, from his election by a large majority of the representatives of the nation, he is seated on the throne of fashionable French legitimacy.

A most unfounded calumny against England appears to have been industriously propagated by the spleen of the Dutch party in Belgium, viz. that her jealousy of the manufacturing prosperity of this country, under the old *regime*, induced her to foment the revolution, and encourage a new and less flourishing political settlement of affairs. Of course, no persons of intelligence, or familiar with the straight-forward nature of English diplomacy, would believe such an invention; yet it has made an extensive impression on the vulgar mind in this quarter; which even the fact of the manufacturing interests of the kingdom having since rapidly increased in prosperity can hardly efface. The only people who appear self-honest enough to believe in, or candid enough to acknowledge, the disinterested policy of England, are the Americans; and when British mediation was offered to arrange their misunderstanding with France, the venerable president acknowledged that he appreciated it the more highly, inasmuch as war would have been greatly favourable to British commercial interests. A specimen of French political spleen, a la Hollandais, is at this moment going the round of the public journals, viz. that the rumoured mediation of the British cabinet in the affairs of Switzerland, is with a view to obtain an influence over the government of the cantons. What England has to expect from Switzerland, the French politicians have not condescended to point out, unless it be permission for 10,000 or 20,000 British gentry to travel annually through that country, scattering wealth and improvement wherever they go. Politically, England has nothing to ask from Switzerland; and, commercially, the cantons receive almost nothing from her, while she offers a ready market for many of their ingenious productions.

But to return:—Belgium is now flourishing in her manufacturing interests beyond all precedent; though there are two towns, Ghent

and Antwerp, which, from obstinacy (that is to say, from a Dutch feeling), appear unwilling to participate in the general prosperity—*Tant mieux pour les autres.* A handsome monument is now in course of preparation, to distinguish the square where the remains of the 1200 Belgians, who fell in accomplishing the revolution of 1830, are interred. Concerning this excited period, an interesting anecdote is related of an affectionate little dog, which sought for and discovered its master's dead body near the Chamber of Deputies, and poor *fidele* having never since left the spot, a suitable domicile has there been provided for its accommodation. It is, even at this distant period, painful to witness, in one of the finest quarters of the city, so many marks of the reckless destruction inflicted by the ill-advised attack of the Dutch troops under Prince Frederick; which produced so much needless misery, and effectually alienated the feelings of a large portion of the inhabitants of Brussels from his family. The former residence of the Prince of Orange, which is accessible to the public, is handsome; but the Flemish pictures, which were its chief attraction in past years, are now, for some unknown cause, shut up from the vulgar gaze. The exotic department of the botanical garden here is abundantly supplied, but either from too much heat and light, or from the conservatory being too high, the plants have run up into such extreme height, as to appear, in some instances, thin and disproportioned. For many years after the establishment of peace, there is no doubt that English travellers might have been readily known in any city of the Continent by their being uniformly better dressed than the native inhabitants, but such is certainly now no longer the general rule, at least in this quarter. Between theatres and balls, picture galleries, mechanical exhibitions, promenades, and military music, the people of this city appear abundantly supplied with a variety of amusements to divert the tedium of unoccupied existence. The sanguine-minded of Brussels seem to anticipate much benefit from the numerous railways that are projected to Cologne, Ostend, Paris, &c. A part of the first is stated to be already in progress; and, among its numerous advantages, will afford a desirable facility for English travellers to reach the beauties of the Rhine, without encountering the lengthened sea voyage to Rotterdam, and sailing up the lower division of that river, destitute as it is of any compensating objects of interest; Belgium has thus the prospect of being converted into a gridiron of railways, as thoroughly as even England herself. The excellent agricultural state of this country, as compared with any other district of the Continent, is sufficiently well known, and its superiority in this department of industry is of considerable standing; for Napoleon, who once presumed to send a professor from Paris to teach the Flemish agriculture, was told by that gentleman, on his return, that he had taken a lesson instead of having given one. Wool is at present in so much demand for the Belgian manufactures that the attention of agriculturists in this quarter is stated to have been latterly much directed to the increase of their flocks. Beet-root sugar manufactories are also attracting considerable commercial and agricultural speculation, so that many are at present being erected in various quarters of the country; and the immediate neighbourhood of Waterloo is graced by one on a gigantic scale.

On entering Belgium by her eastern frontier from Germany, it was quite a relief to find French the universal language; though in Brussels, and all the western districts, Flemish is still spoken by the lower orders; and though this is one of those rude and partial languages, which is doubtless doomed to die within the century, yet it is not in the mean time on that account the less annoying to travellers. There are several more of these inconvenient local languages to be met with on the Continent, which the respective governments might readily extirpate, by causing either pure French or pure German to be alone taught in the public schools. Bohemian, Hungarian, and the *patois* of the Tyrol, are of the description alluded to. At home it is equally to be desired that the Welsh, Irish, and Gaelic, should become extirpated, as it seems impossible thoroughly to civilize a people while they speak a barbarous language, comparatively incapable of communicating refined ideas. Rudeness, ignorance, and superstition, are necessarily bound up with its idiom, and can only be effectually destroyed with it; added to which, such languages are also full of civil inconvenience, as our mountaineers, from their ignorance of English, are literally strangers in their own country, and unfit for many of its most useful occupations. Some amiable philologists, therefore, who are vainly endeavouring to perpetuate these rude vehicles of uncivilized thought, should be considered as so many living antiquities, who love to shroud expiring languages in grammars, treatises, and dictionaries, with a view to hand them down to remote ages; but all their efforts will be unable to save such works from becoming so many worthless literary mummies. The facility with which the Russians, Poles, and Germans acquire languages, as contrasted with the people of England or France, is probably to be accounted for by the extreme difficulty of their native dialects; for, after having acquired these, all others must seem to them comparatively easy, so that they might, without impropriety, be considered in the position of a pupil, whose music master had taught him all the most difficult notes at the commencement of his studies, after which the more easy would scarcely require instruction.

The natives of Belgium are not usually considered to be largely indebted to nature for personal advantages; and, in Brussels, a stranger would probably be generally correct, if he concluded, in a large majority of cases, that all the nicest-looking persons he may meet are either English, French, or Germans.

R. C.

(To be continued.)

## { DR. SOUTHEY AND THE "DEVIL'S WALK."

IN the *John Bull* newspaper of Sunday, the 7th of January, 1838, I find the following paragraph :—

" We have received, and read with great pleasure, the ' Third Volume of Southey's Works,' in which there is very much to admire and delight in. It is curious and satisfactory to us to find, at p. 83, some extracts quoted by Mr. Southey from the *John Bull*, Feb. 14, 1830, insisting upon his being the author of the *Devil's Walk*, attributed by some to Coleridge, and claimed in this paper by the nephew of Porson as his, written at an evening-party at the late Dr. Beloe's, of which the said gentleman possessed ' the identical MS.'

" We then said that ' the lines were written by Dr. Southey one morning before breakfast, the idea having struck him while shaving. They were subsequently shown to Mr. Coleridge, who, we believe, pointed some of the stanzas, and perhaps added one or two.'

" Then came a letter to the *Court-Journal* from a Mr. Marshall, dated York, also claiming the verses, and upon all this controversy we superadded :—

" ' We cannot waste any more time upon the *Devil's Walk*; we happen to know that it is Mr. Southey's, but, as he is alive, we refer any body, who is not yet satisfied, to that eminent person himself; we do not mean the *Devil*, but the *Doctor*.'

" This last remark may sound prophetic, at a time when so much learning and talent are in the course of exercise in *Fraser's* admirable *Magazine*, to prove that Mr. Southey is ' the Doctor,' and with reference to the erudite papers, which appear in the current number of *Fraser*, we wonder to find the extraordinary error about this *Devil's Walk* still persisted in. Speaking of Coleridge, p. 112, ' the Doctor's' Doctor says,—' His attempts at drollery in the *Friend*, and elsewhere, are melancholy to the last degree; in the best things of the satirical kind he ever wrote, 'The Devil's Walk,' 'The Two Round Spaces on the Tombstone,' and some 'Epigrams,' he went to the Devil for their piquancy.'

" This, as being but five days old, is the latest mistake that has been made, and the longest persisted in upon this question, which is now settled by the publication of the said *Devil's Walk* in this new-budding ' Third Volume of Southey's Works,' whereupon Mr. Southey writeth thus :—

" ' Professor Porson never had any part of these verses as a writer, and it is for the first time that he now appears in them as the subject of two or three stanzas, written some few years ago, when the fabricated story of his having composed them during an evening-party at Dr. Vincent's, (for that was the original *habitat* of this falsehood), was revived. A friend of one of the authors, more zealous

for him than he has been for himself, urged them to put the matter out of doubt, (for it was before Mr. Coleridge had done so), and as much to please that friend, as to amuse himself and his domestic circle in a sportive mood, the part which relates to the rise and progress of the poem was thrown off, and that also touching the said Professor,—the old vein having thus been opened, some other passages were added, and so it grew to its present length.'

"It will be found, therefore, that we were perfectly correct in our statement upon this matter; nor should we have been so staunch in our assertions and maintenance of the question, never having had the slightest communication with Mr. Southey on the matter, if we had not ourselves copied from an original MS., which was lent to us, the poem as originally written, and which, we must say, we much more admire than that which now appears with very considerable additions."

Such is the statement of the *John Bull*; let the reader now attentively peruse the following letter.

Mr. Montagu, who published the edition of the *Devil's Walk* with sketches by Cruikshank, gave to a friend of the writer of this article, in 1831, the AUTOGRAPH LETTER he had received on this subject from Mr. Coleridge, which that friend has given to the writer, and which is of great importance in reference to this controversy. We shall quote it entire:—

"—— MONTAGU, Esq.

*The Editor of 'the Devil's Walk' (Thoughts erased), illustrated by Mr. CRUIKSHANK, to the care of \* \* \* \**

"Mr. S. T. Coleridge would not have troubled Mr. Montagu about such a trifle as the *Devil's Thoughts*, if the reputation that this doggerel is capable of conferring, had been the point in question. But by referring to Mr. Coleridge's *Poems*, even in the form of the long ago published *Sibylline Leaves*, Mr. Montagu will find (in his Apologetic Preface to the 'Fire, Famine, and Slaughter'), that Mr. Coleridge had informed the reader that the *Devil's Thoughts* were written by himself and Mr. Southey; that Southey wrote the three first stanzas, and the stanza on the *Cold-Bath-Prison*, (worth all the rest twice over), and Mr. Coleridge the remainder. In the 'Complete Collection of Mr. Coleridge's Poetical Writings,' published by Pickering, Mr. Montagu might have found a correct copy of the *Devil's Thoughts*; for the Poem, as given in the Illustrations, is in many parts not only such as Mr. C. could" (*would* erased) "not have written, had he been idle enough to have suffered the publication, when written, but almost a libel on the name of Porson, the *tersest* of writers. Now surely Mr. Montagu could not even suspect that such a man as Southey, or even that Mr. Coleridge could be guilty of claiming the work of another, and that too such a trifle, at the price of so *monstrous* a meanness!—Sir Walter Scott, and half a score other men of rank and literary name, knew that Mr. Coleridge was the principal author from its first appearance in the *Morning-Post*. Mr. Daniel Stuart received the MS. from Mr. Coleridge, and

besides the copies in the morning paper, struck off two or three hundred copies to disperse among his friends. By the bye, by a strange coincidence, the 'Fire, Famine, and Slaughter,' and the wild copy of verses entitled 'The Two Round Spaces,' beginning with the lines,—

'The devil believes that the Lord will come,  
Stealing a march without beat of drum,  
About the same hour that he came last,  
On an old Christmas-day, in a snowy blast,'

have been published in an Irish Miscellany, and attributed to Mr. Porson.

"S. T. COLERIDGE'S Compts.,  
"GROVE, HIGHGATE.

"April, Monday, 183—"

I leave the above facts, particulars, and circumstances to speak for themselves, and for the present decline giving note or comment, but with a desire to deal justly by the living and the dead, and *to give even to the Devil his due!*

E. H. BARKER.

London, Jan. 13, 1838.

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SONNET.

TO A LADY.

WHEN first Prometheus stole the fire from heav'n,  
A ray yet linger'd on Olympus' height,  
That since, to make thine eyes supremely bright,  
And animate those lovely orbs, was giv'n.  
Replete with lustre, they at once can kill,  
Make slaves of kings, and princes bow the knee,  
Put chains around the heart that erst was free,  
And, like of yore the Orphic melody,  
Draw gath'ring crowds and multitudes at will.  
The meteor, falling in the realms of space,  
When thou art near, turns sick on heaven's face,  
And hastens far to hide itself apace.  
Oh! when the planets fail in upper air,  
The gods will take thine eyes to place them there!

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## THE BARONESS.—A NOVEL.

BY PARISIANUS.

*(Continued from page 64.)*

## CHAPTER IX.

## THE DECLARATION.—EUGENIE AND THE PRIEST.

No—it is not true that love has but a period more or less limited to reign in the heart of man ; that after a season of blissful delirium and intoxicating pleasure, its decline is inevitable ; and that a few years are the term assigned by Nature to a passion which nothing can enchain, and which must perish together with the bosom that has nursed it ! No—it is not true that the most elevated and sublime sentiments which ever concrete in the minds of intelligent beings, are like crystal toys that an accident may break and disperse ! Oh !—no—the designs of crafty individuals have, from time to time, endeavoured to represent mankind in a more degraded predicament than it really is ; but they shall never succeed in convincing us that love—true love—can be destroyed like the fragile glass ; that its image may be effaced from the memory like a passing dream ; or that its shackles are more fragile than silken threads ! Love is the soul itself ; it enjoys an invisible existence ; it cures itself with its own balm ; it fortifies itself by its own energies ; it does not recommence—for it never ceases. At one moment it is ardent and passionate ; at another, languishing and docile ; now heated and feverish—then calm and reflective ; now jealous and unjust—then forgiving and blind to a fault ; now like the bursting volcano—then smooth as the placid lake ; at one time selfish and cruel—at another, generous and kind. The principles of true love belong to eternity : they are combined with a faculty of regeneration, an impossibility of total decay, a youthfulness of passion blooming simultaneously with all the most beauteous flowers, like the rose-trees of Paestum which blossom twice in one year !

Such was the substance of the arguments used by the young and the noble Count de Montville to enforce his passion, as he roved with the beautiful Clemence in one of the groves adjacent to the chateau of Grandmanoir. The vacillating mind of the young nobleman had at length become settled and released from its wavering ; and after a long communion which he held within himself, and after a series of catechising reflections in the silence of his private apartment at the manor, de Montville became convinced that his heart was decidedly the captive of the fascinating Clementine.

Many of our readers know—and the rest can readily imagine—the nature of the tender questions, timid replies—bashful looks, and downcast eyes—the volumes expressed by those signs—for the mute language of love is far more expressive than the eloquent bursts of verbal eloquence which flow from the tongue—and the ardour of the lover, and the hesitation of the maiden,—all this can full easily be

divined, and requires no embellishment of metaphor or poesy to render it intelligible.

"My lord," said the blushing Clemence, when pressed for a definitive reply to the suit of her impassioned adorer—for no words are so delicious in sound or sentiment to the ears of a lover, as those three monosyllables, "I love you,"—"My lord," said Clemence, "to assert that I am not flattered by your offer, would be but to pay a bad compliment to yourself; and to say that you are indifferent to me, would be the assumption of a coquetry and ridiculous deception of which I am not capable. No—my lord—your candour, your kindness, your attentions have secured my affection: but—at the present moment, my lord—when a crisis appears to—to menace the baroness, my venerable guardian—"

"Clemence," interrupted the Count, "I know what you would say. Some dreadful mystery involves the affairs of my respected friend in doubt and dread: her own melancholy demeanour—a few occasional half-uttered remarks—a perpetual dread to hear the name of de Moirat alluded to in her presence—and the increased confidence she appears to place in the Abbé Prud'homme—all these circumstances, Clemence, have awakened something more than suspicion in my mind. Hence—at such a moment—were it indecent, indelicate to importune the baroness with aught that wears an aspect of joy or bliss. It nevertheless behoves me to comfort and console her, if possible,—and to such task shall my mind immediately be bent."

"My lord—"

"Wherefore that cold—that chilling manner of addressing me, Clemence, now that our vows are plighted in the face of heaven?"

"But half an hour ago, and I was ignorant of—of—" began the bashful girl, casting her eyes upon the ground.

"Too true!" exclaimed the Count; "we shall become more familiar, as you know me better.—Ha!"—and de Montville started, as if a serpent had stung him.

"Heavens!" cried Clemence; "are you unwell, my lord?"

The Count made no reply, but pointed towards a secluded walk which intersected the grove, and which two individuals, in earnest conversation, were slowly threading. Clemence glanced in the direction thus indicated by her companion, and discovered her sister Eugenie and the Abbé Prud'homme, the former apparently listening with the greatest attention to the vehement discourse of the latter.

The Count struck his forehead, as if he were labouring under the influence of violent emotions which prompted the necessity of immediate interference in a colloquy that at no other time would have appeared to him as singular. Clemence awaited an explanation of her lover's strange conduct in vain: he hastily collected his scattered ideas—drew the arm of the astonished maiden abruptly within his own—and silently retraced his steps towards the chateau, unperceived by the two objects whose appearance in the grove had so singularly excited him.

By the time Clemence and the Count reached the principal entrance of the manor-house, the shades of evening had spread a thick veil over the surrounding scenery; but the stars shone resplendently on the arch of heaven above. This is the hour which poets have declared,

and which our own feelings seem to warrant us to suppose, the most congenial to the sentiments of lovers. The Count himself appeared to be influenced by such a reflection, as he was about to enter the chateau; for he turned abruptly back, glanced at the fading outlines of the groves and shrubberies around, and then, in a voice rendered unusually soft and melancholy by emotion, he said, "Clemence, my breast is strangely agitated by a variety of conflicting feelings. Tomorrow, dear girl, I will tell thee more—nay, I will confide all my suspicions—all my fears to thy sympathetic bosom."

"And wherefore not now?" enquired the beautiful maiden, the tone of whose voice had caught the tremulousness that had betrayed itself in the Count's. "Methinks this is the hour for such confidential discourse," added she with all the *naïveté* of an innocent and infant mind.

"Or rather for one of thy sweet songs, Clemence," exclaimed de Montville, assuming a gayer tone, and drawing his fair companion towards a seat near the bank of the stream whose undulating ripples watered the gardens of Grandmanoir.

Clementine complied with the request of her lover—her vanity required not to be complimented by a frequent reiteration of a demand which simplicity of manners would in every instance immediately accord, did not a ridiculous spirit of coquettishness often prompt refusal at first, and then suffer an apparently reluctant assent to be obtained by degrees. The Count listened attentively while his betrothed warbled, with enchanting sweetness, the following seasonable

## AIR.

Away, away! The god of day  
Departs to another sphere:  
The mists arise, but the darkling skies  
Like a jewell'd vest appear.  
Like a jewell'd vest, the arch above  
Is gemm'd with many a star,  
To guide the swain to his ladye-love,  
Or the champion to the war!  
  
Away, away! The sun-beams play  
On Atlantic billows now;—  
The glist'ning foam, as she dances home,  
Sports around the vessel's prow.  
Oh! it gaily sports around the bark,  
With the early beam of morn:—  
To another sphere, when our's is dark,  
Thus the light is newly born!  
  
Away, away! Like night and day  
Is the chequered race we run,—  
A changing scene, where woes intervene  
As our mirth has just begun.  
When mirth has begun, the voice of fate  
Breaks in with a gloomy sound;  
We bow to the force of guile and hate,  
Though our cups with wine be crown'd!

"Alas! this is indeed a chequered life!" observed the Count, as the last words of the above song stole gently upon his ear, and then

melted away into silence. Clemence was about to reply, when the sound of a footstep caused her to turn hastily round, a movement that was simultaneously followed by the Count; and the tall figure of the priest, moving rapidly along the pathway towards the chateau, met the eyes of the lovers.

“How singular!” exclaimed Clemence, when the Abbé Prud’homme was no longer in sight: “Eugenie is not with him!”

The Count made no reply: but the suspicion that lurked in his mind, led him to believe that Eugenie had sought the chateau by another avenue, in pursuance of the directions of the wily priest. He remained thoughtful for some minutes, and then, suddenly perceiving that the night air was beginning to impart a chilliness to the frame of his fair companion, he rose, and re-conducted her to the chateau, where they found the baroness and the priest already seated at the evening repast.

“Where is Eugenie?” enquired the venerable dame, after a few indifferent remarks upon the state of the weather, &c.

“Is she not come in, yet?” demanded the Count hastily.

“I fancied you were all three together,” said the baroness, while de Montville glanced towards the priest, whose countenance was as unruffled and whose manners were as easy as if he were a total stranger to the subject of the conversation.

A quarter of an hour elapsed, and still Mademoiselle de Grandmanoir did not make her appearance. The baroness was uneasy, and desired Clemence to see if her sister were not in her bed-chamber. Clemence obeyed the command of her revered relative, and departed to execute the commission. In a few minutes she returned, declaring that Eugenie could not be found, and that her cloak and bonnet were not in her sleeping apartment.

“I fancy that Mademoiselle Eugenie was walking with Monsieur l’Abbé ere now,” said the Count, excessively alarmed at the prolonged absence of the sister of his intended wife, and mentioning *that*, in the agitation of the moment, which he had intended to have kept secret from the party most intimately connected with a fact which might appear to others innocent and void of suspicion.

“Certainly,” cried Clemence, before the priest could reply: “I also saw Eugenie with you, Father Joseph, not half an hour ago, in the grove near the canal.”

“You are right,” returned the priest, with extraordinary equanimity of manner: “but we separated at the entrance of the two avenues which, as you know, lead to the front and back gates of the chateau.”

“It is most extraordinary!” exclaimed the Count, casting a searching glance at the man the trammels of whose dark and mysterious mind few could define. “Your ladyship—” he added, after a pause—“I begin to feel particularly anxious on Eugenie’s account. Some accident may have happened—”

“Oh! my sister—my dear, dear sister!” cried Clemence, as the dreadful suspicion that some untoward circumstance might have involved Eugenie’s safety in fearful jeopardy, darted across her mind. “What can we do?—My lord—Father Joseph—what, what shall we do?”—and the terrified girl’s voice was lost in sobs and heart-rending sighs.

"Compose yourself, Clemence," said de Montville, in a soothing tone of voice; then turning sharply round upon the priest, he exclaimed—"You were walking this evening with Mademoiselle Eugenie, Monsieur l'Abbé?"

"I was," responded the priest, with the most imperturbable calmness.

"And you separated from her—" continued the Count.

"At the commencement of the two avenues fifty yards distant, as I before stated," interrupted the Abbé, returning the dark and menacing glance of the Count with another of deep and haughty disdain.

"Singular, most singular!" said the Count; for he recollects that the circumstance of the Abbé having sought the front gate of the chateau alone, and the fact that the most ready entrance to the suite of apartments inhabited by the young ladies was by the avenue which led towards the back of the building, were strong corroborative evidence of the priest's statement. Delicacy, justice, and the sake of appearances did not therefore warrant him to question the Abbé Prud' homme farther, upon that occasion.

While the inhabitants of the chateau were thus thrown into a strange state of doubt, anxiety, and alarm, the approaching steps of horses and the wheels of a heavy vehicle indicated the arrival of some visitor. A loud knocking speedily commenced at the front door, and in a few minutes the gallery, with which the room where the evening meal had been spread, communicated, re-echoed to the steps of several individuals. Clemence dared not raise her eyes as the strangers entered the apartment—but the Count started from his chair, exclaiming at the same time, "Heavens—Eugenie! and in this state!" And there, indeed, was the elder sister—borne in the arms of two strange individuals—the one a man dressed in the extreme of fashion; the other a female of coarse and vulgar appearance—and both entirely unknown to all present. Eugenie's clothes were dripping wet—her long black hair hung dishevelled over her shoulders—her eyes were closed—her countenance was pale as death—her bosom, from which her gown had been roughly torn, palpitated but faintly—and the hues of death appeared to have gathered upon her once lovely countenance.

"Do not give way to any unnecessary alarm, my dear friend," exclaimed the stranger, addressing himself to de Montville, who surveyed the dreadful picture before him in speechless horror. "She's not dead—although you might think so at the first blush of the thing. Make haste, however, and give her all necessary assistance—she's a fine girl, *sacrebleu!*—and must not be suffered to die this time—and then you shall tell me whether it be usual for young ladies to drown themselves in these parts!"

"Drowned herself!" cried the Count, casting a terrible look at the Abbé. "Impossible!"

"Well—this is a most singular part of the world!" cried the unceremonious stranger, yielding his fair burden, who now showed some signs of life, to the crowds of attentive servants that hastened to receive the unfortunate girl in their arms, while Clemence recovered herself so far as to ascertain that proper care was taken of her sister: "this is a singular province! Instead of being thanked for saving a young lady's life, I am coolly told that it is impossible!"

"And is it to you, then, Sir," began the priest, "that we are indebted for—"

"Indebted!" cried the stranger. "Why—certainly you are: but if I do not make haste and get some supper, those very pleasing looks of your's will take away my appetite. When a man has travelled all day, and jumped up to his knees in a canal at night, he ought to be rather hungry, I think!"

And with these words, the unceremonious stranger very quietly seated himself at the table, beckoned the lady, who accompanied him, to follow the same laudable example, and forthwith heaped a goodly proportion of provisions on his plate. His companion, without uttering a word, stuck her fork into the half of a roast fowl which stood near her; and the two singular visitors commenced a most vigorous attack upon the dainty food, from which they only withdrew their attention to apply themselves to the wine-bottle at frequent intervals.

"Singular thing!" at length exclaimed the strange gentleman, pulling an enormous gold repeater from his pocket, and striking it, while the baroness rose from the table and followed Clemence, de Montville, and the party that bore the still insensible Eugenie to her apartment, from the supper room: "very singular, indeed!"

"What is so extraordinary?" enquired the priest, whose countenance was, if possible, paler than usual, and whose manners betrayed a degree of embarrassment which had never before characterized them.

"Pass that bottle, old scare-crow," returned the stranger; "and I will tell you."

The priest regarded the individual, that thus addressed him, with a look of the most ineffable disdain, and having handed the Burgundy as he was desired, made a sign of impatience, as if he were anxious to receive the promised communication.

"Mine is a very singular destiny," cried the stranger, in a tone of jocularity to which the churchman was in no ways accustomed. "In the course of a month, I inherit a brilliant fortune from my father—I marry a rich and loving wife—and this is she," added the facetious visitor, indicating his female companion through the novel medium of throwing a somewhat massive piece of bread at her nose—"I find that my putative father *is not* my real father—I ascertain who I am—I go to claim a vast estate—I rescue a young lady from a strange suicidal kind of death—and lastly, I find myself in the presence of a very pleasant and agreeable gentleman, in the shape of a priest, who will neither eat, drink, chat, laugh, nor admit a joke!"

"And, pray, might I have the honour of being made acquainted with the name of the person," said the priest, with a degree of interest that somewhat surprised the stranger, "who has experienced such a variety of adventures in the space of one month?"

"Most decidedly, cried the stranger. "Till a few days ago my nomenclature was happily designed as Paul Sans-gène—and a very appropriate name, I dare say you will think it," added the owner of the *prænomen* and *cognomen* just mentioned, as he gave the priest a violent knock upon the shoulder with his clenched fist.

"And, pray, what may your appellations be, now?" enquired the

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Abbé Prud'homme, drawing back his chair from the immediate vicinity of the too facetious guest.

“Alfred de Moirot,” returned the stranger, with the most enviable *nonchalance* in the world.

“Alfred de Moirot!” exclaimed the priest, starting from his chair, and gazing intently on the features of him whom the reader may have recognised as an old acquaintance.

“The same,” said that individual, coolly—“and brother to the Notary of the Rue Vivienne in Paris.”

The Abbé Prud'homme appeared to hesitate for a moment what steps to pursue, as this unexpected disclosure materially affected his schemes and the plans of others with whom he was connected: but he soon recovered his usual presence of mind, and hastily left the apartment.

In a few minutes Sans-gêne—or rather, Alfred de Moirot—heard the sounds of a horse's hoofs in the court-yard at the back of the chateau; and then the retreating steps of a steed, apparently urged to its utmost celerity, fell upon his attentive ear.

(*To be concluded in our next.*)

#### LINES

*Suggested by looking at a leaf in my Father's Family-Bible, on which he had written the dates of the birth and death of his children.*

DISCOLOURED, tattered leaf of import big!  
Sacred deposit in the book of God!  
Fit place for registry of life and death,  
And homage grateful due to Him alone  
Who gives and takes away, in goodness both.  
Dear sainted Father! how this fading ink,  
Touched by the mouldering blight of envious Time,  
Before me brings the memory of the past,—  
The history of the living, and the dead,  
The once-loved dead, thyself most loved of all!  
Our birth,—first link in that mysterious chain  
Which binds our destinies with future worlds!  
Then passes in review each marked event,—  
Marked as a footprint printed in the path  
Of each, as severally our names I note,  
Each history but a misty track of tears,  
Athwart a transient ray of sunshine gleaming,  
Then lost in shades of deeper gloom, till light  
Again appears to rescue from despair  
And cheer us onward to our heavenly home!  
Dear widowed Mother! thy pale withered form,  
Now trembling on the borders of the grave,  
Touches a string of melancholy thought,  
And leads me weeping to my Father's tomb!  
Soon wilt thou join him 'mid yon radiant throng,  
And meet a train most dear to thee on earth,  
The pledges of thy love and suffering here,  
Nor one of all, I trust, be missing there!  
And may the remnant, who shall sojourn still  
A few short years below, at last make up  
The sum of joy,—a family in heaven!

R. S.

## PORTRAITS FROM THE PEERAGE:

LITERARY, POLITICAL, AND DOMESTIC.

BY THOMAS HARRAL.

## LORD ELDON.

*Sit sine labe decus.*

AND his honours *are* without stain. He is dead ; but he will not be consigned to the tomb—he will not be allowed to pass away and be forgotten—

“ Unwept, unhonoured, or unsung.”

The late Sir Egerton Brydges, when writing of Lord Eldon, then in the zenith of his fame, thus happily expressed himself:—“ It is most difficult to speak of those who are living without being suspected of flattery or detraction. When this virtuous and acute-minded man descends to the grave, the page of the historian and biographer will speak of him in the glowing colours which he deserves, unchecked by the fear of being censured for adulation. Of all who, in the long lapse of ages, have filled the sacred seat on which he now sits, none ever had purer hands, none ever had a conscientious desire of equity more evident and incessant than Lord Eldon. The amazing expanse of his views, the inexpressible niceness of his discrimination, his unrelaxing anxiety to do justice in every individual case, the kindness of his heart, and the ductility of his ideas, all insure that attention to every suitor which must necessarily obtain the unbounded admiration and attachment of the virtuous and the wise. If there are those to whose interests a more expeditious, more rash, and venturesome, and less sparing mode of despatching the decisions of the court would be more consonant, it only shows that in this frail world there are men to whom a nice and sublime virtue is less pleasing than a coarser or more common-place and unfeeling line of conduct.”

It has been customary to speak of Lord Eldon as a man of humble and even of mean birth. It is one of the many glories of this country that no man, howsoever mean or obscure his birth, is by that circumstance precluded from attaining the highest rank and honours of the State. And it is remarkable that a greater number of professors of the law, whose origin has been obscure, have, by talent and industry alone, attained eminence, than of members of any other of the learned professions. It appears, however, that William Scott, the father of John, Lord Eldon, was a considerable merchant at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, extensively concerned in various branches of the trade carried on at that place, where he was highly distinguished by

the reputation of a peculiarly excellent judgment, and of an unspotted integrity, both in the management of his commercial concerns and in the general tenor of his conduct in life. William Scott married Jane, daughter of Henry Atkinson, of Newcastle. By this lady, who died in the year 1800, at the advanced age of ninety-one, he had three sons: Henry, who succeeded him in his commercial pursuits; William, afterwards Lord Stowell, Judge of the High Court of Admiralty, a member of the King's Privy Council; and John, the subject of the present sketch.

John Scott was born at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, on the 4th of June, 1751. He received the early part of his education at the grammar-school of that town, under the tuition of the Rev. Hugh Moises. At that time his father, who subsequently acquired an ample fortune, had no superfluity of pecuniary means. John Scott had, in consequence, meditated a relinquishment of his studious pursuits in favour of some trade or calling. Fortunately, Dr. Moises, who had been strongly interested by his application and talent, mentioned his case, with regret for his want of means, to an opulent gentleman of the neighbourhood. That gentleman, benevolent as well as rich, promptly offered to assist in a supply of cash for sending him to college. He was accordingly removed to University College, Oxford, where he kept sixteen terms with almost unexampled assiduity and zeal. He took his bachelor's degree in 1770; in 1771 he obtained the chancellor's medal for the best English essay; and, in 1773, having previously obtained a Fellowship, he proceeded M. A. We may here be permitted to remark, *en passant*, that some of the compositions of Lord Eldon, which we have had the honour of perusing, may be classed with the simplest, purest, and most effective specimens of style that our language can offer. In 1801, on being elected High Secretary of the University, he was made a D.C.L. by diploma.

In 1772, he entered as a student at the Middle Temple, and there, again, he was pre-eminently distinguished by the closeness of his application. Even from his youth he seldom entered on the common recreations of the time. While in the Temple his chief amusement consisted of turning pieces of poetry into the form of legal instruments: for instance, he is said to have converted the ballad of Chevy Chace into the style and nature of a bill in chancery. At the time when his brother William, afterwards Lord Stowell, was cultivating the society of Dr. Johnson, Burke, Reynolds, and other literary characters, he could not be induced to join their club. Dr. Johnson, he said, might be a great man, but he could not draw a bill in chancery. His singularly close application rendered him an object of general remark; and a celebrated chancery barrister is said to have predicted of him that some day he would be Lord Chancellor of England. Having been two years with a special pleader, he was, in 1776, called to the bar. There, however, notwithstanding his profound legal knowledge, he at first made but little progress. This was chiefly owing to his extreme diffidence. For a considerable time he practised as an equity draughtsman, declining, with almost invincible timidity, to stand forward as an advocate. He acquired

an extensive chamber practice ; but his health, which was delicate, suffered so seriously from the confinement incidental to that laborious branch of the profession, that he at one time meditated the abandonment of his profession, and either to take holy orders or to retire to a small practice in his native county. Indeed, it has been said that he had actually given up his chambers, when he was prevailed upon by a London attorney to accept a brief in a case in which it was thought that his extensive legal knowledge might be productive of considerable benefit. On this occasion his success was so far beyond his most sanguine hope that he at once determined to persevere against his timidity.

Mr. Scott, as well as other chancery barristers of the day, attended the assizes, and he was a member of the Northern Circuit. It was probably about this time that, at Newcastle, he became acquainted with Miss Surtees, the daughter of Aubone Surtees, Esq., a banker and merchant. The young lawyer was urgent in his importunities ; but, as his future fame and fortune were not then to be predicated by common minds, the father turned a deaf ear to his suit. The lady was less inexorable ; and in a short time the lovers started for Gretna Green, where the indissoluble knot was tied. The father was implacable, and refused his forgiveness. Mr. Scott proceeded with his bride to Oxford, when he sought an interview with his brother, who, regretting the marriage, advised "the lost young man," as he termed him, to persevere in following the law as a profession. Under the circumstances of the case, this was unquestionably the most judicious advice that could be given. To Mr. Scott's narrow means at this time, operating as a powerful stimulus, may be fairly ascribed those exertions which ultimately led him to the very summit of greatness. It may here be worth while to remark, that at a remote period of his life, while filling the office of Chancellor, Lord Eldon affixed the seal to a commission of bankruptcy against Mr. Surtees, the father of his wife.

Numerous opportunities soon presented themselves for a display of his abilities. In one particular instance the accidental absence of a senior counsel enabled him to produce so striking an effect in argument and in eloquence as to astonish Lord Thurlow, who, after the breaking up of the Court, took him by the hand, led him into his private room, and offered him a vacant Mastership in Chancery. This, though grateful for the kindness, Mr. Scott most prudently declined.

Mr. Scott now advanced rapidly in his profession. In 1783 he obtained his patent of precedence for a silk gown, and, about the same time, was elected one of the representatives in Parliament for the borough of Weobly, in Herefordshire, in the interest of Lord Weymouth. Although he stipulated for the liberty to vote as his conscience might dictate, he immediately took part with the Pitt administration, which may be considered to have opened the door and pointed the way to future promotion. In Parliament he first distinguished himself in the debate on Mr. Fox's India Bill, contesting its points most strenuously with the great Whig champion himself. It is due to his political as well as to his moral integrity, to state that,

as he commenced his parliamentary career by the advocacy of the principles supported by Pitt, he continued to advocate those principles till the last hour of his life. It can hardly be necessary to add that, for many years, he was a leading and most distinguished member of the Pitt Club.

Mr. Scott drew the East India Declaratory Bill—a service which, in 1788, is understood to have gained for him the Solicitor-Generalship. On this occasion he received the honour of knighthood; an honour which he is reported to have expressed a modest desire to decline; but his Majesty, George the Third, exclaimed, in his well-known manner, “Pho, pho—nonsense,” and knighted him forthwith.

Sir John Scott's next promotion was to the office of Attorney-General, in 1793. It consequently fell to his lot the following year to conduct the prosecutions against Hardy, Horne Tooke, Holcroft, and others, for high treason. In this very ill-advised affair he was opposed by Erskine on behalf of the prisoners; and, notwithstanding a most eloquent and powerful speech, which occupied nine hours in the delivery, by the Attorney-General, a verdict of acquittal was pronounced. It is deserving of remark that the prosecution had been instituted in direct opposition to the reasonings and remonstrances of Burke, who was of opinion that treason could not be legally proved, and that the indictment ought to be for a treasonable misdemeanour. Had it been so, the prisoners could not have escaped: as it was, ministers over-reached themselves, and were deservedly foiled.

It has been urged against Sir John Scott that there were more than double the number of prosecutions for political libel during the period of his Attorney-Generalship than in that of any two of his predecessors. This, however, may be sufficiently accounted for, without impugning the judgment, the temper, or the feeling, of the prosecutor of the Crown. It was at a season when sedition, treason, and insurrection, were rife throughout the country.

In the year 1799 Sir John Scott was elevated to the Bench as Lord Chief Justice of His Majesty's Court of Common Pleas; and, at the same time (July 18, 1799), he was advanced to the honours of the peerage, as Baron Eldon, of Eldon, in the county of Durham.

On the 14th of March, 1801, his Lordship was, as he afterwards declared, against his own inclination, but in obedience to the express desire of his Sovereign, appointed Lord High Chancellor of Great Britain, which office he held till the 1st of May, 1827, excepting less than fourteen months in 1806-7, when Lord Erskine held the seals; a period within five days of five-and-twenty years.

It should have been stated that the first speech of any length which Lord Eldon delivered in the House of Peers was on Lord Auckland's Adultery Prevention Bill; on which occasion he remarked that “the law as it stood was a farce and a mockery, and it was impossible to allow it to remain in the shameful state it stood.” Yet still the said law stands a farce, a mockery, and a disgrace to the country. Generally speaking, we have no desire to see the practice of divorce facilitated; yet it is impossible not to be forcibly impressed by the offensive difference which is made to exist between the rich and the

poor on this important subject. The rich man obtains a verdict for damages against the destroyer of his honour, in one of the common law courts ; and, to be relieved for ever from an infamous woman, he has then nothing further to do than to carry his case before the Peers, at, to him, an insignificant cost. The poor man, on the other hand, with feelings equally sensitive, obtains his verdict in a court of law ; but, without the pecuniary means to prosecute the business further, he is precluded from the possibility of ridding himself of a worthless wife, and of again entering into the state of matrimony.

It was on the 14th of April, 1801, that Lord Eldon took his seat on the woolsack, in place of Lord Loughborough, who was created Earl of Rosslyn. In 1805 his lordship commenced his opposition to the Roman Catholic claims, which he continued till 1829, when the Relief Bill was passed. A word upon this subject hereafter.

In 1806, on the Whigs coming for a short time into power, Lord Eldon, as has already been intimated, resigned the seals, which were given to Lord Erskine. In the following year Lord Eldon was reinstated.

Lord Eldon is understood to have had a considerable share in framing the Regency Bill, on account of the mental aberration of his Majesty George the Third ; and, on several other occasions, his great ability proved eminently serviceable to Ministers. Years having elapsed, Earl Grey, in 1811, made a specific charge against Lord Eldon, that he had, in 1804, abused the royal authority by affixing the great seal to commissions for giving the royal assent to certain bills, although the king was afflicted with a malady of the same kind which then (1811) occasioned a suspension of the regal functions. Upon this charge having been made, Lord King moved that Lord Eldon be excluded from the Queen's council, in the care of his Majesty's person. The motion was lost by a majority of 85 ; and a protest against its rejection was entered upon the journals, signed by Lords Grey, Lauderdale, Holland, Erskine, Rosslyn, Derby, Ashburton, and Ponsonby.

Lord Eldon continued to take a principal share in most of the great debates of the time. By the support which he gave to the Corn Bill, in 1815, he became so unpopular that, on leaving the House of Peers, he was pursued by a mob to his residence in Bedford Square. The rioters tore up the area railings, and employed them as instruments wherewith to effect an entrance. The guards at the British Museum were sent for, but the work of destruction was complete before the aid arrived. One of the mob even went so far as to attach a rope to a lamp-post at Lord Eldon's own door, for the purpose, as it was threatened, of hanging him. His lordship was enabled to secure his personal safety only by a hasty retreat through the back-way, and over a wall into the gardens of the Museum. Two of the ring-leaders were taken in the house.

In the year 1815 Lord Eldon addressed a letter to the Prince Regent, representing the delicacy of his health, his increasing infirmities, and requesting permission to retire. An amusing incident (a newspaper anecdote we confess) is said to have arisen at a subsequent period out of this application. In reply, the prince besought his

lordship to lay aside any such intention ; and added, among other flattering expressions, that " he was the only man in the cabinet upon whom he (the Regent) could repose with confidence." Lord Eldon complied with the royal wish ; and, some time afterwards, while taking his wine with Lord Liverpool after dinner, he drew from his pocket the letter referred to, and placed it in the hands of the First Lord of the Treasury for perusal. Lord Liverpool, not a little wounded by the exclusive moral preference manifested towards the Chancellor, hurried to Carlton House and tendered his resignation. Surprised at so unexpected an event, the prince requested to be informed of the motives through which it had originated. The premier replied by stating the nature of the written communication which Lord Eldon had shown him under his royal highness's own hand ; adding, " that if confidence could no longer be reposed in him, it became him to retire from office." However, the Regent, we are told, experienced little difficulty in calming this ebullition of ministerial resentment, and over another bottle a pacification was effected.

On the arraignment of Queen Caroline, after the accession of George the Fourth, Lord Eldon took a decided part against her Majesty ; and his conduct in the business gave so much satisfaction to the King that, on the 6th of July, 1821, his Majesty was graciously pleased, as a mark of his royal approbation, to advance his lordship to the dignity of Viscount Encombe, in the county of Dorset, and Earl of Eldon. This creation was made with the very special and high distinction of the expression of the King's pleasure, that, with the patent granting those titles, it should be recited, " that his Majesty has been graciously pleased to confer the same in consideration of his profound knowledge of the laws of his country, and the distinguished ability and integrity which he has invariably evinced in his said office of Chancellor, during a period of (then) 19 years."

In the month of April, 1827, on the sudden dissolution of Lord Liverpool's administration, in consequence of the fatal illness of the premier, and on Mr. Canning being commissioned by his Majesty to form a new ministry, Lord Eldon, in common with Lord Wellington and Mr. Peel, and the other members of the cabinet, resigned. Here may be said to have terminated his lordship's long official career ; and never was an honourable career more honourably terminated. Had the other members of the cabinet acted as honourably (and we include in our censure the Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel), political affairs *then* and *now* would have been in a far different state from what they were and are. In the words of an able contemporary writer, " Lord Eldon had retired along with the Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel from the administration of Mr. Canning, avowedly on the ground that the then premier entertained opinions favourable to ' Catholic emancipation,' which would give the affirmative of that question a decided preponderance in the cabinet. The Duke and Sir Robert came back to office upon the dissolution of the Goderich administration *without* Lord Eldon, and soon afterwards dealt out a larger measure of concession to the Roman Catholics than Mr. Canning ever proposed, or, probably, ever dreamt of. In short, the demand for unqualified emancipation, which even Mr. Grattan and

Lord Plunkett—the most eloquent of the advocates of concession—used to treat as both unreasonable and impracticable, was conceded by the statesmen who formerly opposed every modified settlement of the question as equivalent to the breaking down of the Protestant constitution." We could pursue this subject at great length, but the pursuit would be at once painful and useless.

On Lord Eldon's resignation of the seals in 1827, the King presented him with a magnificent silver-gilt vase and cover, thus inscribed:—"The gift of His Majesty King George the Fourth, to his highly valued friend, John, Earl of Eldon, Lord High Chancellor of England, on his retiring from his official duties in the year 1827." Other honourable testimonials have been borne to his lordship's integrity and talent. In the year 1830 a law scholarship was founded at Oxford, by the subscription of many noble and distinguished persons, in honour of the Earl of Eldon. The proposal had been started in the preceding year; and, in May, 1830, a meeting of the subscribers took place at the Thatched House Tavern, St. James's, for the purpose of carrying it into effect. Seven copies of the proceedings, with the names of the subscribers, were beautifully printed on vellum, bound in the same, authenticated by the autograph signatures of the trustees, and disposed of as follows:—One copy to the Earl of Eldon, and one to be deposited in each of the following libraries:—The British Museum, the Bodleian, the Inner Temple, the Middle Temple, Lincoln's Inn, and Gray's Inn.

After his resignation Lord Eldon interfered but little in public affairs, until the introduction of the bill for the relief of dissenters, and the bill for Catholic emancipation, both of which he assailed with earnest and energetic opposition.

Respecting Lord Eldon's talents there cannot be much difference of opinion; respecting his integrity there cannot be any. His eloquence was generally considered to be adapted rather to cultivated and thinking minds than to a popular audience, addressing the understanding rather than the fancy. If deficient in fluency, it was not infrequently imbued with a high degree of moral pathos. He possessed high talent rather than brilliant genius. Parkes, in his "History of the Court of Chancery," thus tamely, and coldly, and far from justly, describes him:—"He belonged to the old school of Aristotelian lawyers, deeply versed in the fictions, subtleties, and procedure of English equity; and, as a pedantic linguist conceives the acquisition of dead languages to be not the means of acquiring knowledge, but knowledge itself; so Lord Eldon mistook the means for the end, the form of justice for the substance of equity."

In reading the above, it must be read as the attempt of a Whig, or "something more," to characterize a Tory.

"The succeeding lines, from a poem entitled "The Bar, with Sketches of Eminent Judges, &c.," published nearly at the close of the Chancellorship of Lord Eldon, have infinitely more of truth and discrimination:—

"Above the rest, in wisdom as in place,  
Sits the great chief, with grave and thoughtful face,

Raised by his native power from stage to stage,  
 A bright example to the rising age.  
 Studious and patient in life's early days,  
 And true to his vocation—no mean praise—  
 In the deep solitude of crowds unknown,  
 On fools while Fortune's harlot smiles were thrown,  
 'Twas his hard lot to meet her adverse frown !  
 Yet still, though storms of peril and dismay  
 Oft blew him from the current of life's way ;  
 Through boisterous seas that threaten to o'erwhelm,  
 While Prudence kept a hand upon the helm,  
 With watchful eye he stretched his vent'rous sail,  
 Took the tide's flow, and caught a fanning gale—  
 A gale that like the constant trade-wind blew,  
 And brought the haven of his hope to view ;  
 Where firmly moored, he rests secure at last,  
 And smiles on all the dangers that are past.

With just ideas, judgment strong and sound,  
 And learning luminous, and yet profound,  
 His mind, as on it takes its mighty course,  
 Displays its secret treasures to their source,  
 Then calmly rests—its winding current run—  
 Like some vast lake illumined by the sun,  
 Where, through the world of waves, distinct and clear,  
 The hidden wonders of its depths appear.

In green old age, his wisdom still appears  
 To grow and ripen with his ripening years ;  
 Doomed to descend, with many a mighty name,  
 To future times with honourable fame,  
 But cramped, alas ! in this imperfect state,  
 By what some christen chance, and others fate.  
 Vain is the wisdom and the wit of man,  
 And little can he do—do all he can ;  
 For to whatever point his efforts tend,  
 Like Sisyphus, his labours have no end,  
 Up hill he rolls the ponderous stone in vain,  
 Back it rebounds—and all's to do again.

Such hidden flaws and failings of the mind  
 Through all the various ranks of human kind  
 Spread in a greater or a less degree,  
 Nor goes the royal conscience-keeper free.

Upright, sincere, laborious from his youth,  
 Zealous he seeks and fain would find the truth ;  
 Hunts it through all the mazes of the mind,  
 Nor leaves or brake or bush untried behind ;  
 With load enormous pressing on his back,  
 He patiently pursues his mill-horse track ;  
 Vain is the use of curb, or lash, or goad,  
 To check or urge him faster on the road—  
 Onwards he moves with slow but certain pace,  
 And always keeps his temper and—his place.

One weighty drawback, like a galling chain,  
 Fetters his limbs, and makes his progress vain :

Weak indecision, like the shifting wind,  
Perplexes and distracts his dubious mind;  
And, as his judgment owns her palsyng sway,  
Of strange misgivings he becomes the prey ;  
Wavering—" infirm of purpose"—to both sides  
He listens patiently, but ne'er decides !  
Points, on which all opinions are agreed,  
And cases clear, which those who run may read,  
He hears—re-hears—from time to time postpones—  
While on the rack exhausted patience groans ;  
And when at length his day of " judgment " 's come,  
Makes up his mind—to take the papers home ;  
And though the *fiat* trembles on his tongue,  
*Doubts* to do right—for fear of doing wrong.

How different stern Thurlow thought and spoke !  
Firm and unbending as the " gnarled oak,"  
Ne'er from his purpose shook by any wind ;  
Who, if a doubt e'er chanced to cross his mind,  
Would (if he could not straight that doubt undo)  
With brave decision cut the knot in two."

In politics it has been seen that Lord Eldon was firm, and invincibly consistent. As a judge, his impartiality and conscientious exactness were proverbial. Cool and imperturbable, he was not to be affected by the impatience, the irritation, hopes, fears, or confident tone of applicants for justice, either in or out of Court. It is unquestionable that his lordship's besetting sins, if sins they may be termed, were doubt and indecision. Sensible of the failing, his candour and humility in acknowledging it cannot be too much admired. In the case of *Oddie v. the Bishop of Norwich*, which came before him in 1821, he dropped the following observation :—" I am now approaching that period when my natural existence will be brought to a close, and I confess that, during my judicial life, my mind has often been hampered with doubts, in cases in which men of stronger minds would, perhaps, have entertained no doubt at all." " Those doubts," said his lordship, on another occasion, " were constitutional, nor could he by any means shake them off." That this arose from a desire to judge rightly after the fullest consideration, there can be no question; that fewer of the decisions of Lord Eldon were reversed in consequence of appeals to the House of Lords than of any of his predecessors, is certain. The misfortune produced by his doubts, delay, and indecision, was, that in numerous instances the applicants were worn out, their funds exhausted, and death itself arrived before the *fiat* of the court was pronounced.

Notwithstanding the studious propensities and inveterately close application of Lord Eldon, he could appreciate and enjoy the ebullitions of wit and fancy in others, and was even himself occasionally the perpetrator of a joke or a pun. For a long time the affairs of the Italian Opera House were incessantly before him, and nothing could surpass the want of sympathy, or, as some deemed it, the want of taste, which he evinced respecting the alleged grievances of the sons and daughters of song. His satirical remarks upon Madame Catalani and others were long a theme of amusement in the fashionable world.

Soon after he ascended the woolsack, while sitting in the House of Lords, and hearing Scotch appeals, Sir John Clerk, who was pleading, happened to say, in the broadest Scottish accent, "In plain English, my lords—" on which Lord Eldon replied, good-humouredly, "In plain Scotch, you mean;" "Nae matter," answered the advocate; "in plain common sense, my lord—and that's the same in all languages—ye'll ken if ye understand it."

It was, we believe, in the year 1778, that Lord Eldon, whose prospects were then any thing but bright, entered into the state of matrimony. By his lady, who died on the 28th of June, 1831, he had two sons and two daughters: John, who married, in 1804, Henrietta Elizabeth, only daughter of Sir Matthew White Ridley, Bart., and died in the following year; William Henry, Barrister at Law, and M. P. for Newport, in the Isle of Wight, who died in 1832; Elizabeth, married in 1817 to George Stanley Repton, Esq.; and Frances Jane, married in 1820 to the Rev. Edward Banks, Prebendary of Gloucester and Norwich, and Chaplain to the King.

His lordship's eldest son, the Hon. John Scott, left a son John, Viscount Encombe, who, on the decease of his grandfather, succeeds to the family honours and estates. Lord Encombe married, in 1831, Louisa, second daughter of Charles, Lord Feversham.

Full of years and full of honours, the venerable Lord Eldon expired at his town residence, Hamilton Place, Piccadilly, on the afternoon of Saturday, January the 13th, 1838. Afflicted with no particular complaint, his lordship is understood to have sunk under a gradual decay of nature. During his illness he was attended by his daughter, Lady Frances Banks.

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On the Saturday after his Lordship's decease, the outer coffin was conveyed from the premises of Messrs. Gillon and Co., the Undertakers, in Oxford Street, to Hamilton Place. It is of strong English oak, covered with rich crimson Genoa velvet, and curiously studded with triple-gilt nails, arranged in triple rows. In the centre of the lid is a silver-gilt plate, bearing, beneath the arms of the family, the inscription:—

"The Right Honourable Sir John Scott, Earl of Eldon, born 4th June, 1751; died 13th January, 1838."

Above the inscription is an Earl's coronet; and, underneath, a device of a serpent coiled round, with an arrow passing through the middle.

On Sunday, the 21st of January, his Lordship's remains lay in state; but no persons were admitted excepting the friends of the family. On the Monday forenoon the funeral procession left Hamilton Place, on its route for the catacombs attached to the church of Kingston, in Dorsetshire, where the remains of the departed were to be interred, on the forenoon of Friday, January the 26th. The present Earl (grandson of the deceased), attended as chief mourner. The procession, composed of numerous carriages of different members of the royal family, the great law officers, and many of the nobility, was of an unusually grand and splendid character.

ON THE DEMOCRACY OF THE UNITED STATES, AND  
THE *BOURGEOISIE* OF FRANCE.

(Concluded from page 92.)

*La Democratie en Amerique.* Par M. de Tocqueville.

*Lettres sur l'Amerique du Nord.* Par M. Michel Chevalier.

MOST remarkable have been the political changes that have taken place during the present century, whether they be denominated by the title of Reform in England, Royal Statute in Spain, or Commercial Progress in Germany and Hungary. The system of maintaining peace and tranquillity in Europe since the year 1830, is, for a well-constituted *bourgeoisie*, at once the guarantee of its puissance and the consecration of its destinies. As yet, however, it is in France alone that the *bourgeoisie* possesses a certain power in that plenitude and security which enable an admirably-established principle to develop its results to the satisfaction of those who investigate its merits. It is, therefore, in France that the *bourgeoisie* should be dissected and considered as if we were treading on classic ground; for it is only in France that we can, at one single glance, embrace and comprehend the instincts and the tendencies of the middle classes.

The present position of political affairs in France would almost lead us to imagine that the power of the *bourgeoisie* is too extensively acknowledged, and the necessity of its sway too generally understood, for it to dread opposition or attack. Having been long occupied in contesting and combatting to acquire or preserve its rights, the *bourgeoisie*, having gained its various objects, has only now to render itself worthy of filling that place and exercising those privileges which are no longer questioned. On one side lie the ruins of the party it has supplanted; and on the other springs up a faction which was only dangerous so long as it remained unmasked—a military and warlike school which dared proclaim itself American—a multitude of soldiers and proconsuls—a host that preferred spreading ruin and devastation over the world rather than organising systems of political liberty! The *bourgeoisie*, then, now enacts, in the persons of its members, the principal characters on the political theatre of France, in the same manner as the democracy of America occupies the public stage of the United States. In proportion as it becomes more manifest that France has escaped from the dominion of the military and the republican parties, and that it repulses those systems and schemes of agitation which so strangely interrupted the silence of despotism, do the study and consideration of that class to which Providence has entrusted the destinies of the political world, become duties too incumbent to be neglected. That subject—instead of prompting the lucubrations of silly females—ought to originate the publication of bulky volumes: in the meantime let us devote a few brief reflections to the important study we so seriously recommend.

What are the political sentiments of the *bourgeoisie* of France? and in what constitutional form do they endeavour to frame themselves?

Those politicians who have studied the principles of government in

that society where the parade of antiquity is still preserved, or in that sphere where the aristocracy of England is almost worshipped and adored,—for whom the dignity of ceremonious forms and the infallibility of a noble ancestry are the essential conditions of power and supremacy,—such reasoners will find it somewhat difficult to comprehend the line of argument adopted by an egotistical *bourgeoisie* in the management of its public affairs. That *bourgeoisie* is alone interested in the transactions of the present day: the future and the past occupy but a small portion of its thoughts; it neither wishes to descend with a glorious name to posterity, nor to render itself worthy of a magnificent ancestry; and, in another point of view, it remains perfectly inaccessible to that democratic tide of passions which neither resist the allurements of victory nor the seductiveness of a particular idea.

Casimir Perier, that Richelieu of the middle classes, who repressed the republican ardour of his countrymen and pacified the angry feelings of Europe, traced the *programma* of the political *bourgeoisie* when he uttered those solemn and never-to-be-forgotten words,—“THE BLOOD OF HER CHILDREN BELONGS ONLY UNTO FRANCE”—words that must be remembered so long as the French shall remain a nation, and that must ever elicit applause, even though they be invoked to palliate a fault!

The political system adopted by the *bourgeoisie*—although it may be safely called the system of to-day only—without fixity, and without the capacity of glancing far into futurity, is understood and may be appreciated when we recollect that each member of that now supreme class is anxious to legislate for his own individual and private felicity, and that the affections are at present concentrated in the domestic circle. What French monarch could henceforth be so rash as to claim from the *bourgeoisie* that servile devotion which a military aristocracy was wont to tender as meet recompense for the advantages it derived from the lustre of the crown? or what politician would expect to remark in the public transactions of a class of citizens those inflexible and skilful political traditions which were the very force and spirit of the patricians of the old *regime*? At the same time let not our readers fall into an error, and induce from these observations those consequences that may not appear to accord with opinions previously advanced, and to which the progressive occurrence of events makes us cling more and more. We do not for a moment imagine that the French *bourgeoisie* is so firmly established that it has nothing to dread from opponent parties: alas! the great inadvertency of supreme power, and into which the middle class probably declines, is the singularly idiosyncratic idea that it is inaccessible to the whispers of sordid interest and deaf to the allurements of dishonest partiality. In order that the *bourgeoisie* shall be enabled to fix its dominion on a solid basis, and completely enter into those pacific paths which are the natural conditions of its permanency and aggrandizement, the position of its government ought to be well fixed in the face of Europe, and the name of France be pronounced with respect from St. Petersburg to Madrid. It is impossible to found material peace in the very midst of a moral war. Most necessary, therefore, does it appear, if it be only for the purpose of insuring a prosperous and calm future, for

the *bourgeoisie* to supply the place of those sympathies which are at present refused her, by combinations as prudent as they are energetic and firm : at all events, if she value her own prosperity, France must not feel herself isolated, nor suffer her immense activity to remain without aliment, else would she tear her own entrails. The permanent colonization of Africa and the protection of Spain ought to be the two measures to which she should direct her attention, not only as springing from the capacities and wishes of the *bourgeoisie*, but with regard to her situation in the eyes of Europe.

Thank God, the spirit of revolutionary propagation is defunct in France ; and the *bourgeoisie* has had the honour of striking the death-blow. For the future, the French will experience the happiness of that situation, when, emerging from an uncertain and dubious condition of politics, they shall exist only for themselves without reference to the predicament of their neighbours. Already is the train of new ideas in vigorous progress in the various states of Europe, and the French may speedily felicitate themselves on the efficacy of example instead of the more arbitrary and less certain method of enforcing principles by violence and arms.

To aggrandize the pomp and ornament the ceremonials of a few ridiculous triumphs, the Romans subdued the world. To lay the permanent foundation of her maritime superiority, England connected the hideous misery of Ireland with her own magnificence and grandeur. In France, the conquests of the republic became the heritage of a soldier, who carried his devastating arms from Lisbon to Moscow ; and the discord has lately ceased on the hillocks of Montmartre. Attila effectually crushed the glory and splendour of the Romans—the aristocratical boast of England is falling into disrepute—and the treaty of 1815 was the consequence of the warfare persisted in by the French. If the citizen-government now existing in France equal not in splendour the dynasties of former times, it must be remembered that the *bourgeoisie* rules rather by the dictates of common sense than the ardent ebullitions of talent and poetic eloquence, and that hence its sway must effectually guarantee its integrity and its incapability of violating any one single fundamental principle of human civilization.

If ever the unity of Europe were to appear possible, it must be during that æra when, national prejudices gradually yielding to the impulse of new ideas and new interests, the manners and habits of Europeans shall be subjected to the influence of those principles which at present form the basis of the government of the *bourgeoisie* in France. The Press and the Bank, those mighty engines which administer food to intelligence, and wealth to ambition, will speedily establish in every European nation so rapid a circulation of ideas and of capital, that the political results themselves will have escaped all foresight, and the wisdom of all prophecy. The entire community, which, on account of a variety of rights, is, to the democrat as well as to the patrician, one living and sacred unity, will, in the eyes of the government, be held but as a vast conglomeration of interests. The land itself will gradually lose that patriarchal aspect it has so long worn, and will become a simple instrument of production—a moveable possession, as it were, capable of being constantly transferred from one master to another.

The revolutions and changes to which modern habits and manners are gradually being submitted, are not fully understood nor generally noticed; nor is it the experience of a few years that can instruct us in the *minutiae* of so vast a study. But observation and comparison may teach us much. The possession of property alone will not long suffice to give the Frenchman a certain rank and position in his own country: he will be shortly obliged, not only on account of the scantiness of the territory with an increasing population, but also in accordance with the exigence of another system of habits and manners, to join to his situation as a land-holder, some liberal profession, or combine the possession of an estate with the active exercises of industry. Few generations will have passed away before the *amateur* land-holder will become the useful farmer, receiving from agricultural pursuits not only his amusement and his pleasure, but also his learned theories and his laborious practice, his daily toils and his uncertain changes. The French cannot long maintain that which we in England denominate and distinguish by the names of *landed-property* and *moneyed-property*. Within the last twenty years, all great possessors of forest-land in France have erected forges and similar useful establishments on their estates; and it may be fairly presumed that the distillation of sugar from beet-root will cement a necessary and close alliance between the manufacturing and agricultural classes.

The ambitious desires or the real wants of individuals are too rapidly increasing in France to allow her sons to remain in lazy obscurity in some sequestered town or on a small patrimonial estate, without some stimulus to induce them to extend their fortunes, even at the risk of compromising their domestic felicity. And, now that the influence of Parisian manners and customs, in a time of tranquillity and peace, penetrates even to the insignificant hamlet on the extreme verge of the kingdom, dreams of ambition and glory will be originated in every mind, and thought will associate, in the breasts of even the most humble, ideas of pleasure with others of intelligence and taste. An increase of intercourse between one town and another will consummate that revolution in manners which has already operated on the laws and government of the French—a revolution strangely compounded of good and evil, and full of contradictions, like every other revolution in human systems, where all is finite and all imperfect—a providential work whose progress shall not be impeded by the machinations nor the designs of ill-judging critics and commentators.

The fruits of vast conquests in Europe were accompanied by an idea that political power and importance was chiefly constituted by extensive possession of territory. The French revolution has originated a sentiment not less remarkable—viz. the rights of intellect, and the influence of wisdom. On this basis is at present erected the citizen-government of the French—fixed as to principles, but changeable as to persons—and built upon a foundation which the efforts of democracy cannot easily destroy. The institutions of that government are suitable to the genius and intelligences of the middle classes—uniformity of manners creates uniformity of administration—and the union of a multiplicity of interests is the best guarantee for a duration of a government which protects them, and the most reasonable defence, as well as the most legitimate argument, that can be opposed to the

numerous attempts or to the specious sophistry of democratic innovators.

It is not here intended to establish, in an absolute manner, that the principle of centralization is the essence of the government of the *bourgeoisie*. Every people in the world may maintain the supremacy of its own habits, manners, and understanding. At the same time, it would be difficult for an impartial observer not to recognise something materially centralizing in the principles of the Reform Bill in England—in the great federal faction, which in reality was an incipient *bourgeoisie*, formed exactly one century too prematurely, in America—or in the political systems of the Low-Countries, that land of old franchises and local liberties. There, as in France, may be seen the *juste-milieu* party warring against liberalism in questions of principles, combatting against the aristocracy in matters of interior organization, and occupying itself in the attempt to possess attributes which it never before enjoyed, or which at different times may have escaped its grasp.

If a certain political idea have gradually expanded over France in a short time, and emanated from roots profoundly planted, to an extent calculated to astonish the superficial reasoner, the secret impulse must be looked for in the administrative division of territory and the constitution of the year VIII., which formed such important epochs in the history of an extraordinary revolution. To say to a great people—“Henceforth you will cease to hear those familiar nominal distinctions which hitherto have invariably met your ears: those provinces, whose traditions and legendary lore you are accustomed to love, and those local glories of which you have been wont to be proud—all are about to vanish—all disappear—all be consigned to oblivion in one day: your history will be torn and scattered to the winds—and not one page shall be left;—and instead of those glorious reminiscences, you shall have eighty-six departments, described and marked at hazard, according to the course of a river or obscure stream, or to the distribution of circumstances and chance;”—to hold such language to a great, a proud, and a powerful people, may appear strange; but that those tones of authority were obeyed without resistance, must seem far more singular still! The future, however, consecrated the attempt; and, to use the words of a celebrated French writer, “the constituent assembly gave new life and youth to France in casting her, disengaged and divested of her past fourteen centuries of despotic grandeur, into an æra then so sombre and gloomy—an æra of doubt and dread—but an æra that has produced such extraordinary results!”\*

The English reasoner, who reflects on the nature of passing events in the quiet seclusion of his study, cannot, however, be otherwise than astonished, when he recollects that during a period of seven years, no serious and really dangerous attack has been made against the principles of the administrative institutions in France. The democratic school has invariably, since the revolution of 1830, maintained itself in a sphere of general, and not individual polities, and has chiefly occupied its mind with diplomatic questions which involve the existence of peace or war, and which prove that it still retains a morbid

\* M. L. De Carné.

inclination towards a state of hostility in preference to a predicament of peace. If the future destinies of France were consigned to the management of the democratic class—if, in fine, the system of self-government were to be firmly established in that country, the first symptom of so great a movement would be the destruction of every existing political principle or institution which might appear to be in the slightest degree at variance with the true sentiments and opinions of democracy.

But the *bourgeoisie* of France is too prudent to be attacked unawares, too powerful to be overcome by the partisans of other factions, and too suspicious and jealous to be blind to the machinations of its enemies. Its principles are, moreover, so just, so moderate, and so reasonable, that new converts daily flock to its standard. The monarchy is, nevertheless, a source of alarm and dread to the *bourgeoisie*. Royalty may ally itself with the ruins of the past, before those still existing remnants of arbitrary grandeur and power shall have totally disappeared; and from day to day may the *bourgeoisie* accuse it of creating a political influence independent of the interests by which it exists. At the same time, the force of those interests, if properly weighed, properly understood, and properly relied on, will demonstrate its own power, maintain order and domestic tranquillity, and, so soon as those interests themselves shall have triumphed over the perils that threaten them without, or the designs that menace them within, establish the maxim on a firm and irrefragable basis—“The King reigns, but does not govern”—a maxim that will become, for the *bourgeoisie*, the scale and measure of its constitutional privileges, as the words which declare that “The blood of her children belongs only unto France,” are the dogma of its international rights.

Such is the long train of reasoning and of sentiments awakened by an attentive perusal of the two best works that have yet appeared upon America. Till Messieurs de Tocqueville and Chevalier published their illuminating volumes, we were labouring under the disagreeable necessity of forming our opinions concerning the Americans from a few trashy perpetrations, penned in a malignant and disgraceful spirit, by females whose circumscribed range of intellect, narrow views, and prejudiced minds “saw through a glass darkly.” The works under notice are of a superior order of merit—their style is temperate—and though their aims be different, there still reigns throughout the two a reciprocity of idea, which, as we before observed, would almost cause us to conclude that one was intended as a species of sequel to the other. The English have a strange fashion of concocting books. A few months’ residence in the metropolis of a great nation, or a rapid journey through the country itself, is calculated to afford sufficient instruction, initiation, and *data* for the fabrication of a history, social, moral, and political. Hence may we account for the production of those abortions entitled, “Domestic Manners of the Americans,” and “Paris and the Parisians,” by Mrs. Trollope; and of “France,” and the “Monarchy of the Middle Classes,” by H. L. Bulwer. In these volumes we look in vain for the faithful description, intimate acquaintance with the subject, and profound detail which so especially mark the works of de Tocqueville and Chevalier.

PARISIANUS.

## LEAVES OF ANCIENT LITERATURE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE OLD MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

SIR,

It has often been a source of astonishment to the learned on the Continent, that in a country like England, where so much money is spent upon a Classical education, not a single periodical can be found to devote itself entirely to subjects connected with the languages of Greece and Rome. It is true that during the last fifty years, stray articles, like solitary swallows in winter, have been seen in the Gentlemen's Magazine, in Maty's Review, the Monthly, the British Critic, the Critical, the Edinburgh, and Quarterly ; \* and though they were written by Porson, Burney, Parr, Wakefield, Kidd, Dobree, Elmsley, Blomfield, Butler, Burges, and Barker, yet all were looked upon as intruders upon the domains of more interesting literature. And yet, strange to say, while the Reviewers and Reviewed have, in the case of modern publications, been forgotten equally, the articles which have been selected for reprint, have been generally those connected with Classical subjects alone,—so true is the remark of Bentley, that Greek and Latin die in one age, only to become immortal in another.

Of course I am not ignorant that the Classical Journal was continued through eighty numbers, the Museum Criticum through eight, and the Philological Museum through six. But they were all tolerated, rather than supported, and gave up the ghost, not from the want of talent in the writers—for they all had some crack contributors,—but from the readers' indifference to ancient literature; which, after being foolishly forced in early life, is frost-bitten at the very moment when the tree of education ought to exhibit the rich and ripe fruits of study. Besides, every man in England has either some profession, and if not born to a public office, is always trying after one, he has no time to think upon any but what the Germans sneeringly call *the bread-study* of the English. Here the first act of a person, who has taken his degree at the University, is to sell all his Greek and Latin books, unless

\* To this list should be added the Foreign Quarterly, where G. C. Lewis has written some articles in keeping with his clever review of Cardwell's edition of the Nichomachean Ethics of Aristotle, which appeared in the Classical Journal. The young critic, whose scholar-like papers were no little ornament to the Philological Museum, has, however, wisely deserted the poverty-producing Greek, and attached himself to the more lucrative literature of a commissioner; of whom all that is required, is to read the daily papers, pick his teeth, and sign the receipt for his salary. I might also have referred to the British Review. But a periodical which Lord Byron said was read only by his grandmother, and therefore the fit recipient of Scholefield's abilities, when he presumed to criticise Monk's Hippolytus, scarcely deserves notice; especially as the Cambridge Greek Professor himself has been unwilling to mention it by name in his notes on Eurip.—where he has taken especial care, however, to name the Quarterly: although the article to which he lays claim, was the joint production of Gifford and himself.

he is likely to want them in his future profession of a Tutor in College or a teacher out of it ; while the second act in the farce of education is to forget even the symbols of language, which have been studied not for their intrinsic worth, but only as they might contribute to a man's future advancement in life ; and by life is understood a well-furnished house, servants, wine, plate, horses, a carriage, and innumerable nic-nacks of no earthly use ; all, in short, that no philosopher except of the Bacon school would consider of the least importance.

But though the number of Classical readers is manifestly insufficient to support a journal devoted, I will not say entirely, but even considerably, to Classical subjects ; yet I feel confident that not a few will be found to peruse a Magazine, where such literature shall *regularly* occupy as *much* space, as is usually filled by fragments of a novel, stolen, like the Diary of a Physician in Blackwood, from some of the deserted foundlings of the Minerva press.

Under the influence of such a conviction, I shall be most happy to contribute my mite to the joint-stock company of Philomaths, and in my endeavours to keep up the ball, I care not what part I am to take, whether *violino primo*, or the little urchin who plays the triangle.

Should it, however, be said by the advocates of the moderns, that such subjects can present nothing in the shape of novelty, as the labours of the learned have actually picked the brains of the ancients, so as to leave nothing but the dry skeleton of a skull, I am quite prepared to prove that no field of enquiry is so certain of yielding a plentiful crop of curious, amusing, and instructive matter. Of what temple dedicated to the Muses, I would ask, do we possess more than a fragment, a dilapidated frieze, or a mutilated column ? What intellectual picture has come down to us without some of its colours being lost or faded ? And who is to rebuild the one and to save the other, but men who are content to walk in the steps of the ancients, not because they cannot be original, but because they feel with Quintilian, that to be able to appreciate a first-rate author requires greater powers of mind than to surpass an inferior one ?

That much has been done by the scholars of the past to illustrate and correct the relics of antiquity, I should be the last to deny. But much still remains to be done, before we can assert that our knowledge has reached its limit. With the exception of some of the shorter speeches of Demosthenes, we cannot put our hand upon a single Greek or Latin author—be it a book of Homer or Virgil, an Ode of Pindar or Horace, a Tragedy or Comedy, a chapter of Herodotus, Thucydides, Xenophon, of Livy or Tacitus, to say nothing of the philosophy of Plato, the Dialectics of Aristotle, the Epistles of Cicero, without perceiving that we have only the fragments of a feast, or the spars of a richly freighted vessel, which Time has shattered, and the waters of Oblivion would have concealed for ever, had not a few of the timbers, from their inherent buoyancy, floated to the surface ; and this led adventurous spirits, with the aid of a critic's diving-bell, to bring up some precious gems of antiquity : which the self-complacent moderns may indeed abuse—for they cannot equal them—with all the appliances and means to boot of Pantological School masters, and Penny Cyclopedias.

As a specimen of my *hortus siccus*, I will, with your permission, put into your hands my Leaves of Ancient Literature, which I would fain preserve.

“Ne turbata volent rapidis ludibria ventis,”

a fate which the MS. papers of the learned Tanaquil Fevre were doomed to undergo, when his grand-children used them for the tails of their kites, and after it was found that neither the auctioneer, who advanced money upon Tanaquil’s books to keep him from starving, would purchase them, nor even the chandler use them as the grocers of Rome did,

“Vendentes thus et odores  
Et quicquid rerum chartis amicitur ineptis.”

Thus much by way of a preluding flourish: I hasten then to enter the lists—for, in the language of Richard,

“My soul’s in arms, and eager for the fray;”

and as I cannot at present find a better knight, with whom to try a joust, than he who has lately thrown down the glove of defiance, I shall, without further parley, put my pen into my ink-bottle, as a cavalier his spurs in his horse’s sides, and dash into the ring.

Your learned correspondent, E. H. Barker (*Old Monthly Mag.* Aug. 1837. p. 193.) says that θάλαμος\* means the bridal house, and not the bridal bed. He should have said rather that θάλαμος is the marriage-chamber, and λέχος, λέκτρον, or κοίτη, the marriage-bed, as shown by Euripides in Alc. 176, θάλαμον εἰσπεσοῦσα καὶ λέχος—and again v. 188. θαλάμων ἔξιοντ' ἐπεστράφη Κάρριψεν αὐτὴν αὐθίς εἰς κοίτην πάλιν—for so that passage was corrected by the ingenious J. Pierson, in some MS. notes in my possession. Bishop Monk has edited θάλαμον—but that would be admissible only if ἔξιοντα were omitted. We had indeed in Hesych. θάλαμος· οἴκος, μυχός, οἴκος νυμφικός. But we must read—οἴκον μυχός—for the marriage-chamber was in the inner recess of the house. Hence the beauty of the sneer in the prophecy of Nereus addressed to Paris:—“Ne quicquam Veneris præsidio ferox”—“Ne quicquam in thalamo graves Hastas—Vitabis.” For Venus was the lady of the bed-chamber, as we learn from Sappho, whose words have been preserved by Hesychius. θαλάμων ἄνασσα Ἀφροδίτη—a passage which escaped the notice of Bishop Blomfield in his collection of the Sapphic Fragments published in the “Museum Criticum;” who has neglected equally another gloss in Hesych. Ωκέες στροῦθοι, found in a still extant ode of the Lesbian poetess; to whom is to be attributed the gloss in Anecdot. Oxon. I. p.—ed. Cramer, ἰδρώς—παρ Αἰολεῦσι, θηλυκῶς. Α δέ μ' ἰδρώς κακός χέεται—where we must read, Α δέ μ' ἰδρώς κακός χέεται—as is evident from Sappho’s Καδέ’ ἰδρώς ψυχρὸς χέεται, i. e. κατὰ δέ—χεέται. Hesych. Καδέ· κατὰ δέ. To the same incomparable Lexicon we owe the knowledge of the fact that the lily, κρίνον, was called ἀμβροσίη by the Corinthians, Ἀμβροσίη· οἱ δὲ Κορίνθιοι τὸ κρίνον,† probably in allusion to its divine

\* [But he limits his remark to Homer, and by Homer alone must he be judged.—ED.]

† [Mr. Barker had, p. 195. quoted from Athen. 15, 8. Προτίρηται δ' ἄνω περὶ αὐτῆς (ἀμβροσίης) ὅτι τὸ κρίνον οὔτως λέγονται, but the Corinthians are not referred to.—ED.]

perfume, as in Virgil, “*Ambrosiæque comæ divinum vertice odorem spiravere;*” and hence we can understand that in Catullus, “*Uxo in thalamo est tibi, Ore floridulo nitens, Alba parthenice velut, Luteumque papaver;*” by *alba parthenice* is probably meant the *lily*.

With regard to the ode of Horace, to which allusion has been made, I beg to propose to the consideration of your learned readers two corrections.

In v. 3, the Vulgate has, “*Ingrato celeres obruit otio Ventos—Ne-reus.*” But “*obruere otio,*” “to overwhelm with idleness,” is perfect nonsense. Horace wrote, “*obstruit otio.*” Hence in Carm. I. 3, 4, “*Ventorum—Obstrictis aliis præter Iapyga,*” we must read with the Cod. Bersmann. *Obstructis*.

In v. 28—31, the Vulgate has, “*Quem tu cervus uti vallis in altera Visum parte lupum graminis immemor, Sublimi fugies mollis anhelitu.*” Here again the word *sublimi* applied to *anhelitu* is perfect nonsense. Gesner, indeed, says the passage is “*intellectu facillimus.*” They who admire the Boeotian intellect of the German, will of course reject what Horace himself wrote,—“*Sublimis fugis, et mollis anhelitu.*” For *sublimis* is *lifted up*, a word peculiarly applicable to a deer, that in running lifts its legs high off the ground. And as *sublimis* is in Greek *μετέωρος*, it is equally well suited to the flight of Paris from the field, from whence, during his single combat with Menelaus, he was carried in a cloud by Venus, as sung by Homer in IΛ. Γ.

With regard to this use of *sublimis*, see Plaut. Milit. ‘*rapite sublimem foras,*” Menæch. “*Facite ille homo—sublimis siet :*” and again, “*Te-ferebant sublimem,*” Terent. Adelph. “*Sublimem medium arriperem,*” and with regard to the change of *fugies* into *fugis et*, the present tense is better suited to the preceding—“*ecce furit te reperire atrox Tydides*”—where the scholiast well observes that the present is put for the future.

By way of relieving the dryness of verbal criticism, I will close this article with a translation of the Ode of Horace, of my own composing like the anthem of the Parish Clerk.

“ Ye little hills, why hop ye so?  
“ Why hop ye so? why hop?  
“ Is it because you're glad to see  
“ His Grace my Lord Bishop?”

TRANSLATION OF THE ODE OF HORACE:—

While o'er the sea the shepherd boy  
Leads the frail fair to fated Troy,  
Ungracious winds his eager bark delay,  
As Nereus chaunts the sad prophetic lay:—

“ With omen ill thou bearest away  
“ The prize of beauty. Near 's the day  
“ When Greece, thy nuptials sworn to break, shall rush  
“ To arms, and Priam's ancient kingdom crush.

“ Through thee the steed with sweat shall reek,  
“ The dew be on the warrior's cheek,  
“ And Dardans die in heaps. Her helm and shield  
“ Pallas prepares, and hastens the spear to wield.

"Vainly of Venus' favours vain;  
 "Thou comb'st thy hair, and with the train  
 "Of damsels play'st, unsoldier-like, the harp;  
 "And, hid in chambers, shunn'st the arrows sharp.  
 "Of Crete, and warrior's heavy spear,  
 "And din of battle in thy rear,  
 "And foes in lost pursuit: for soon thou must  
 "Stain thy adulterous ringlets in the dust.  
 "Thy nation's curse, look then—behold  
 "Laertes' son and Nestor old—  
 "See Teucer, Sthenelus, press each thy side;  
 "This famed the steed, and that the car to guide.  
 "And Merione's strength 'tis thine to feel;  
 "And Diomede, whose heart of steel  
 "Is firmer than his father's, frets to find  
 "Thee, as the ravenous wolf the timid hind,  
 "Who, seen its foe, though distant, flies,  
 "And careless of fresh herbage, hies  
 "Away o'er hill and dale with panting side;  
 "So shalt thou flee, the coward. To thy bride  
 "No lover's promise this. The day  
 "Shall come, when guilt its debt must pay,  
 "E'en Hector's wife a slave be, and of Troy  
 "Shall Greece, avenged, the towers with flames destroy."

TIE.

## SONNET.

WHEN through th' expanse of heav'n the thunders roll,  
 And the fork'd lightning flashes o'er the main;—  
 When the floods sweep the hamlet from the plain,  
 And Nature seems convuls'd from pole to pole;—  
 And when the forest bends beneath the blast,  
 That like the desert-hurricane sweeps by;  
 'Tis then the reminiscence of the past,  
 Array'd in terror, meets the sinner's eye,  
 While his imagination ponders o'er  
 The deeds of former days—and marks the times  
 Stain'd with the mem'ry of a hundred crimes,  
 For which he ne'er was penitent before—  
 Oh! in such hour, the guiltless martyr's doom  
 Were enviable for him who fears the tomb!

## ECONOMY OF THE MONTHS.

## FEBRUARY.

**Gift of Prophecy.**—Triumph of the Fire King.—Murphy the Weather Wise.—Characteristics of February as the Precursor of Spring.—Something about Valentines.—Two-Penny-Post-Office Returns.—Pheasant Shooting.—Salmon Fishing.—Candlemas Day.—A Popish Metamorphosis.—St. Blase, and his Miraculous Life.—Destruction of Old London Bridge.—Suggested Improvements connected with the proposed New Royal Exchange.—Revolution of 1688.—Michael Angelo.—Martin Luther.—Cranmer.—John Kemble.—St. Matthias.—Hare-Hunting.—Shrove-Tuesday.—Collop Monday.—Origin and Progress of Cock-fighting.—Pancakes.—Ash-Wednesday.—Modern Fasting.—The Poor Law Commissioners.—Retribution.

HAD we been gifted with prophecy, we should have foretold, as points of the economy of the month of January, that the Royal Exchange, the commercial pride of Britain, would be destroyed by fire on the night of the 10th, through the contemptible parsimony of not employing a watchman to secure the safety of the premises;—that the winter palace of the Czars at St. Petersburgh, which cost a million sterling for its erection, would also become a victim of the flames; and that on the 14th the Italian Opera House at Paris would increase the blazing triumphs of the fire-king of the earth. Reflecting upon these tremendous conflagrations, the occurrence of which was almost simultaneous; reflecting also upon the surprising number of fires upon a smaller scale, like the petty brood of a great devouring monster, it might be almost imagined, without any reference to superstitious notions, that there were some unknown, some unaccountable physical sympathy in the elements. It has also been frequently remarked of late years, that when any horrible murder, any appalling suicide, or any grand convulsion of nature, takes place, it is sure to be followed by a plurality of accidents of a similar character. Thus, all things seem to run in a circle.

What a lucky fellow is Murphy! We do not mean Murphy, the little Irishman, of St. Pancras, the dealer in small-coal and small potatoes; but Murphy, the weather-wise,—Murphy, the author of the Weather Almanack, who seems to have taken out a patent for discovering and revealing the arcana of the upper regions. Next to the gift of prophecy, we should value his prescience in the weather; which, had we possessed it, would have enabled us to predict the intense frost of January 1838,—that the 20th of that month would prove the coldest day of the winter,—that on the morning of that day, the thermometer in Hyde Park would be 35 or 36 degrees below the freezing point,—and that the frost would be succeeded by a thaw on the 21st, to be followed by a renewal of frost. However, not having been born yesterday, we happen to recollect that, on the morning of January 15, 1820, the cold was more intense than it had been since the years 1786 and 1789; that in many places in England the quicksilver in Fahrenheit's thermometer fell to 7 degrees below Zero; and that at St. Petersburgh, on the 28th of the preceding December,

Fahrenheit's thermometer ranged from 61 degrees to 67½ below the freezing point; being 28½ degrees below what it was in England on the 15th of January.

A few genial and sunny days frequently occur in the month of February; yet, upon the whole, in no other light than as the precursor of spring can February be regarded as a pleasant month. It thaws, it rains, and it freezes; and then it thaws, and rains, and freezes again; but in compensation, the wood-lark's note, the first delightful voice of spring, is cheering; and soon the thrush and chaffinch join, and the flowers burst forth,—and the sap rises in the trees,—and soon the buds and the bright and tender green leaves will appear,—and the sun will rise warmly, and all nature will be awake and joyous.

It seems to be generally understood that at this season, the very dawning of spring,—that is, about the middle of the month,—birds choose their mates; and hence, in all probability, arose the well-known and amusing, though perhaps somewhat superstitious, custom of sending Valentines on the 14th. Why St. Valentine, whose festival occurred on that day, should have been selected as the universal patron of youthful lovers, it might be difficult, if not impossible, to ascertain. It is well known, however, that the custom had its origin at a period far more remote than the commencement of the Christian era. Butler, in his *Lives of the Saints*, tells us that “to abolish the heathenous, lewd, superstitious custom of boys drawing the names of girls, in honour of their goddess Februata, Juno, on the 15th of February, several zealous pastors substituted the names of saints in billets given on that day.” Gower and Chaucer attest the antiquity of the custom in England; and a letter dated in February, 1476, and printed in Fenn's *Paston Letters*, tells us that the custom of choosing Valentines was at that era practised in the mansions of the English gentry. We have not met with a better or more accurate description of the practice than that which we subjoin, by Misson, in his *Travels in England*:—“On the eve of St. Valentine's Day, a time when all loving nature inclines to couple, the young folks in England, and Scotland too, by a very ancient custom, celebrate a little festival that tends to the same end. An equal number of maids and bachelors get together; each write their true or some feigned name upon separate billets, which they roll up and draw by way of lots, the maids taking the men's billets, and the men the maids'; so that each of the young men lights upon a girl that he calls his Valentine, and each of the girls upon a young man which she calls her's. By this means each has two Valentines; but the man sticks faster to the Valentine that is fallen to him, than to the Valentine to whom he is fallen. Fortune having thus divided the company into so many couples, the Valentines give balls and treats to their mistresses, wear their billets several days upon their bosoms or sleeves, and this little sport often ends in love. This ceremony is practised differently in different counties, according to the freedom or severity of the lady Valentines. There is yet another kind of Valentines, which is the first young man or woman that chance throws in your way, in the street or elsewhere, on that day.”

Gay's lines upon the subject have been quoted a thousand times;

yet they are so much to the purpose, that we cannot prevail upon ourselves to omit them here :—

“ Last Valentine, the day when birds of kind  
Their paramours with mutual chirpings find,  
I early rose, just at the break of day,  
Before the sun had chas'd the stars away ;  
A-field I went, amid the morning dew,  
To milk my kine (for so should housewives do) ;  
Thee first I spied, and the first swain we see,  
In spite of fortune, shall our true love be.”

And the following, from one of the papers of the *Connoisseur*, is eminently happy as an illustration :—“ Last Friday was Valentine Day, and the night before I got five bay-leaves, and pinned four of them to the four corners of my pillow, and the fifth to the middle ; and then if I dreamt of my sweet-heart, Betty said we should be married before the year was out ; but, to make it more sure, I boiled an egg hard, and took out the yolk, and filled it with salt, and, when I went to bed, eat it, shell and all, without speaking or drinking after it. We also wrote our lovers' names upon bits of paper, and rolled them up in clay, and put them into water ; and the first that rose up was to be our Valentine. Would you think it ? Mr. Blossom was my man. I lay a-bed, and shut my eyes all the morning, till he came to our house ; for I would not have seen another man before him for all the world.”

It has been said—but much is said that is not true—that two hundred thousand letters, beyond the usual daily average, annually pass through the twopenny post-office, in London, on St. Valentine's Day. This is sheer nonsense, or, to use a vulgar term, gross humbug ; as it appears, by the post-office returns for the year 1837, that the two heaviest days were the 9th and 23rd of January—on the former of which the total number of letters for the day was 52,619 ; on the latter, 58,471. Yet it is certain that, on St. Valentine's Day, supernumeraries are employed for the purpose of delivering letters from the twopenny post-office ; notwithstanding which, many of the said letters do not reach their destinations till several hours after the appointed time.

But we are running riot with our chronology. Let us turn back to the first of the month. On that day pheasant and partridge-shooting ends ; and on that day also the sport of salmon-fishing begins in Scotland. “ Remember,” says an amateur, “ that, in salmon-fishing, you must alter your manner of moving the fly. It must not float gently down the water ; you must allow it to sink a little, and then pull it back by a gentle jerk, not raising it out of the water, and then let it sink again till it has been shown in motion, a little below the surface, in every part of your cast.” It is upon record that, on the 15th of February, 1809, Harry Fenn, a fish-salesman at Billingsgate, sold an uncrimped Severn salmon—the only salmon at market—weighing nineteen pounds, for the immense sum of one guinea per pound, to Phillips, the fishmonger, in Bond Street. In early times the Scotch had most severe prohibitions against the killing of the salmon. In the *Regiam Majestatem* are preserved several laws relat-

ing to their fisheries, couched in terms expressive of the simplicity of the times. From Saturday night until Sunday morning they were obliged to leave a free passage for the fish, which is called the "Saterdaye's Stoppe." Alexander I. enacted "that the streme of the water sal be in all parts swa free, that ane swine of the age of three years, well feed, may turn himself within the stream round about, swa that his snowt nor taile sal not tuch the bank of the water." By a law of James IV. the third offence was made capital (before that the offender had power to redeem his life.) "Slayers of reide fish, or smoltes of salmon, the third time are punished with death; and sic like he quha commands the samine to be done."

The 2nd of February, or Candlemas Day, is a great day in the church—in the Romish church at least. "It is called the day of Christ's presentation," observes Bourne, in his *Antiquitates Vulgares*, "because on it Christ was presented in the Temple; it is called the Holiday of St. Simeon, because it was on it that he took our Saviour up in his arms; and it is called the Purification, because then the Holy Virgin was purified." It is supposed to be from the last-mentioned circumstance that it is colloquially termed the Wives' Feast Day; and the women readily avail themselves of it as a season of gossiping and festivity. Formerly, amongst the Roman Catholics, torches were consecrated on this day, and given away, and carried about the streets in a burning state. This custom was evidently of pagan origin; as, on the night of the 2nd of February, the Romans were accustomed to parade their city with torches and candles burning, in worship of the goddess Februata, that they might, through her, derive succour and advantage from her son Mars. To convert Juno into the Virgin Mary was an easy metamorphosis. It would be curious to ascertain whence arose the general tradition throughout Europe, alluded to by Browne, in his *Vulgar Errors*, that the coldness of the succeeding winter was inferred from the shining of the sun on Candlemas Day:—

"Si sol splendescat Maria purificante,  
Major erit glacies post festum quam fuit ante."

Or, as we have it in plain English, from an old almanack—

" If Candlemas Day be fair and bright,  
Winter will have another flight;  
But if Candlemas Day be clouds and rain,  
Winter is gone, and will not come again."

Of St. Blase, whose festival stands for the 3rd of February, little is known beyond the following edifying statement:—That he was Bishop of Sebaste, in Armenia, receiver of the relics of St. Eustratius, and executor of his last will; that he was venerated for the cure of sore throats; that, whilst living in a cave, wild beasts went daily to visit him, and to be cured by him; that, if he happened to be at prayer at the time of their arrival, they had too much pious respect for him to interrupt his devotions, but would remain quietly till he had ended; that he was the supposed inventor of wool-combing, and the patron saint of wool-combers; that he was tormented with iron

combs, and martyred by decapitation, under Licinius, in the year 316; and that—oh, glorious climax!—the holy candles offered to him were good for the tooth-ache, and for mangy cattle!

It will be 206 years ago, on the 10th of this month, that the old London Bridge, with houses upon it, was burnt. Look at the simple and noble structure which now bestrides the Thames in its place, and compare it with the yet existing views of the ancient building, with all its inconvenience and barbarism,—and look at its ample and magnificent approaches on both sides of the river,—and imagine the vast improvements which may be effected in its northern neighbourhood in consequence of the unfortunate destruction of the Royal Exchange, by the same devouring element which laid prostrate the once admired glories of the first stonebridge. Remove the wretched, ill-constructed, dense mass of houses from the eastern side of the Royal Exchange to Finch Lane; remove also the Bank Coffee-house, &c., on the western side, and see how truly grand and noble might the new Royal Exchange itself be rendered, and what a spacious opening would be produced for the meditated statue of Britain's chief military hero, the Duke of Wellington, in front of the Mansion House. The chief evil then to be complained of would be the narrowness of the space between the north front of the Exchange and the south front of the Bank—a structure which, after all that may be offered in apology for the frittering pettiness of its architectural details, is utterly unworthy of the chief monetary establishment of the first commercial city in the world.

On the 13th, one hundred and seventy years will have rolled down the stream of time since the memorable revolution of 1668; a revolution which at once relieved us from the terror of popish domination, and annihilated for ever the priest-taught notion of the divine right of kings.

The month of February may be deemed somewhat remarkable for its anniversaries of the death of great men. On the 17th Michael Angelo Buonarroti, one of the greatest of the great, will have been dead 275 years; on the 18th Martin Luther, the first of theological reformers, will have rested with his fathers 292 years; and, on the 21st, two hundred and eighty-two years will have passed since Cranmer gave undying evidence of his faith at the stake.

After a painter, a preacher, and a bishop, may we mention an actor? Why not? On the 26th, Kemble—John Kemble—the Kemble—will have been dead 15 years. He died at Lausanne, in Switzerland. His place has never yet been filled upon the English stage, nor dare we hope that, in our time, it ever will.

St. Matthias, one of the apostles, whose festival falls on the 24th, is presumed to have been martyred upon the cross, about the year of our Lord 61 or 64.

On the 27th hare-hunting ends. This year Shrove Tuesday is also on the 27th;—Collop Monday, however, immediately precedes Shrove Tuesday. Collop Monday was, in papal times, the leave-taking day of flesh previously to the commencement of Lent; and, in many parts of the country, it is still customary on that day to feast upon eggs and collops—slices of salted meat.

Shrove-tide, from the Saxon *shrive*, or *shrift*, signifying *confession*, and from the word *tide*, or *time*, was the season set apart by the church of Rome for *shriving*, or *confessing* of sins. Luxury and intemperance usually followed; as though, having confessed and been absolved from our sins, we were entitled to commence *de novo*, and run up a fresh score. "First we *fast*," says Selden, "and then we *feast*—first there is a *carnival*, and then a *lent*." The feasting of this season was evidently a vestige of the Romish carnival. How the brutal practices of cock-fighting, throwing at cocks, and threshing of hens, came into vogue at Shrove-tide it would be more difficult to show. Fitzstephen mentions, that anciently, on Shrove-Tuesday, the school-boys used to bring *cocks of the game* to their masters, and to delight themselves with cock-fighting all the forenoon. It is not, perhaps, to be marvelled at that cock-fighting was, by a special law, annually practised by the Athenians. History informs us that when Themistocles was leading his gallant band against the Persians, he despaired two cocks engaged in mortal conflict. "Behold!" said he, "these do not fight for their household gods, for the monuments of their ancestors, nor for liberty, nor for the safety of their children, but only because the one will not give way unto the other." This brief speech was the most powerful *argumentum ad hominem* that could have been urged; it struck home to every heart; the Greeks fought with energy super-human, and gained the victory; and cock-fighting became, in consequence, a national sport—a proud memorial of illustrious deeds in arms. The inhabitants of Delos were great lovers of this pastime; and Tanagra, a city of Bœtia—the Isle of Rhodes—Chalcis in Eubœa—and the country of Media, were celebrated for their "generous and magnanimous race of chickens." The ancients were accustomed to fight partridges and quails as well as cocks; and quail-fighting is, to this day, a favourite diversion in China (the ladies participating), in Sumatra, and in other countries of the east. The Romans, imitators of the Greeks in all things, readily adopted the barbarous sport. Herodian tells us, that the first cause of contention between the two brothers, Bassianus and Geta, sons of the emperor Septimus Severus, occurred in their youth about cock-fighting. From Rome the practice was transferred to Britain. The game-cock, however, is known to have been bred in this country previously to the landing of Cæsar. From the time of Henry the Second, the sport was continued in England for several centuries; in the reign of Edward the Third, it was a very prevalent and fashionable amusement; Henry the Eighth, regarding it as a royal diversion, had a cock-pit built at Whitehall; James the First was so addicted to the sport that he amused himself with it twice a-week; and brutal as is the practice itself, and refined as the present age affects to be, it is not yet wholly extinct among us. In honour of Cromwell it should be mentioned that he endeavoured to suppress it, by proclamation, in 1664.

Shrove-Tuesday is still a favourite holiday amongst apprentices and working people, especially in the country. Cock-fighting, cock-throwing, hen-threshing, and foot-ball, were the more general pas-

times ; but there were many others that are now obsolete and forgotten.

Taylor, the Water Poet, as he was called, thus notices, in his “Jack-a-Lent,” the practice of pancake frying on Shrove-Tuesday : —“In the morning, at the entrance of Shrove-Tuesday, all the whole kingdom is unquiet ; but by that time the clocke strikes eleven, which (by the help of a knavish sexton) is commonly before nine, then there is a bell rung, cal’d the *Pancake-bell*, the sound whereof makes thousands of people distracted, and forgetful either of manners or humanitie ; then there is a thing called wheeten floure, which the cookes do mingle with water, egges, spice, and other tragical, magicall incantments, and then they put it by little and little into a frying-pan of boiling suet, where it makes a confused dismal hissing (like the Lernean snakes in the reeds of Acheron, Stix, or Phlegeton), untill at last, by the skill of the cooke, it is transformed into the form of a Flip-Jack, cal’d a pancake, which ominous incantation the ignorant people do devoure very greedily.”

Nothing is more remarkable than the vast number of pagan superstitions and observances which have been engrafted by the Romish church upon the Christian religion. Amongst others, Fosbroke, the antiquary, pronounces a decided opinion that the frying, and tossing, and eating of pancakes on Shrove-Tuesday, were taken from the heathen Fornacalia, celebrated on the 18th of February, in memory of making bread, before ovens were invented, by the goddess Fornax.

Ash-Wednesday, the first day of Lent, falls this year on the last day of February—the 28th. This appears to have been called *Ash* Wednesday, because, in the Roman Catholic church, it was customary for the priest to *bless ashes* on this day, and to place them on the heads of the people. These ashes were to be made from the branches of brushwood or palms, properly cleansed, sifted, and consecrated the year before. They were to be worn four times a year, as at the beginning of Lent ; and, on these days, the people were excluded from church, husbands and wives were condemned to occupy separate beds, and penitents to wear sackcloth and ashes.

It is still the practice, even with us, to *fast* upon Ash-Wednesday ; that is, to eat fish, with potatoes and parsnips, and an abundance of rich egg sauce. Would to heaven that those heartless scourges of humanity, the Poor Law Commissioners, were compelled to make every pauper throughout the Kingdom *so to fast* on Ash-Wednesday ! We shrewdly suspect the wretched creatures would, in their ignorance, mistake the meal for a *feast* ! And, would to heaven, also, that the said Poor Law Commissioners were, each and all, condemned, for six months, to the infamous dietary which they have sanctioned in their worse than felon-prisons—a dietary by which the suffering, starving poor of England are diabolically doomed to have their days shortened, and to be consigned to premature graves. But the great axe *will* fall at last.

## MONTHLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE.

## BIOGRAPHY.

**The Life and Times of Louis XIV.** By G. P. R. JAMES, Esq.,  
Author of "Darnley," "Richelieu," "Philip Augustus," &c., &c.  
Embellished with various Portraits, Engraved by Greatbach. 2  
vols. 8vo. Bentley.

So much has already been written upon the "Augustan Age of France," and so many historians have been found to illustrate the splendours of the reign of the most magnificent of European monarchs, in any time, or any country—not even excepting the Sultan Solymen himself—that we were somewhat surprised when a newspaper advertisement some weeks ago announced the speedy publication of a new biographical work on the same subject. We therefore trembled for the author, and fancied that his book could comprehend little else than a mere assemblage of the various anecdotes and facts which any schoolboy becomes acquainted with in his historical study of the times of the Frondeurs and of Cardinal Mazarin. But our fears were happily void of foundation. If Mr. James have told us little that we did not know before, he has nevertheless thrown much new light upon many subjects hitherto involved in uncertainty and become matters of speculation and conjecture. Every one, who is accustomed to read the most approved literary productions of the day, is well acquainted with Mr. James's style; of the excellence of this we need not therefore, here take further notice—save and except, to observe that the two volumes before us are in nothing inferior to his former publications, and that they will considerably increase the already brilliant reputation of the author. "The Life and Times of Louis XIV." are, indeed, most interesting memoirs; and, on the score of historical accuracy and perspicuity, they are equal to any work, French or English, on the same subject, yet published. The following extract will show that the heroes of 1830 were not the first to barricade the streets of Paris:—

"From every quarter of the city, from the suburbs, even from the country round, the people were pouring in towards the Place St. Honoré. Butchers and boatmen, tanners, printers, wine-coopers, sawyers of wood, and gardeners, but principally masons and venders of charcoal, with a multitude of the disaffected of the higher classes, disguised in habiliments similar to their own, and giving them counsels, directions, and assistance, were now to be seen labouring to raise barricades in all the principal streets. Chains were drawn across, and carts and carriages overturned; while barrels filled with dirt and sand, large logs of wood, wool-packs, and bales of merchandise, were piled up as breast-works against the soldiers. Arms of every sort and kind—the modern musquetoon and carabine, the pike, the sword, the halbert, lances that had seen the French and English contest for the French crown, and gorgets which had been sanctified in the times of the League by the image of Jacques Clement—made their appearance in the streets, drawn forth from places where they had lain concealed during more peaceable times, once more to act their part in scenes of faction and civil war. More than two hundred barricades were erected in the space of two hours; and floating above these, were displayed the banners of different companies, and flags that should only have been carried forth in the service of the king."

Independent of the valuable acquisition to every library, which the literary merits of Mr. James's new work must render it, the beauty of the engravings must not be passed over without due notice. They consist of portraits or

Louis XIV. himself, of Cardinal Mazarin, Anne of Austria, Marshal Turenne, the Duchess de la Vallière, and the Prince of Condé. On the whole, it is a most admirable production, and one of the most welcome issued by Mr. Bentley during the last twelve months. One such work as this is worth a dozen three-volumed novels.

**Memoirs of Joseph Holt, General of the Irish Rebels in 1798.**  
Edited from his Original Manuscript, by P. CROFTON CROKER, Esq.  
2 vols. 8vo. Colburn.

THIS extraordinary autobiography is a romance of real life. The hero himself is a fatalist, and his adventures are as remarkable as any to be met with in the most approved fictions of other days, with the additional attraction of truth to rivet the attention and excite the interest of their readers. If Holt were a rebel, he was made so by a singular concatenation of forceful circumstances, and a tide of ill fortune, which would have been more than enough to turn the most loyal and devoted in a sovereign cause, to the evil path into which he was so singularly impelled. Prejudice and misrepresentation have done much to sully the character of Holt; but, with all his failings, even his enemies, if they speak candidly and be at all aware of the particulars attending his eventful career, must allow that he was not the low nor despicable character it has been the mistaken fashion to consider him. Mercy was not a stranger to his breast: clemency and a regard for his fellow-creatures were, on the contrary, two of its principal characteristics. On one occasion, when fire, massacre, and "no quarters," were the prevalent war-cries, Holt was the first to write to the English Royalist General, and obtain a cessation to that horrible system of warfare.

On the whole, we have seldom perused Memoirs more interesting, more instructive, or more calculated to throw necessary light upon the character of a much-abused individual. The following interesting extract—being an account which Holt gives of himself to Lord Powerscourt, immediately after his surrender, on the 11th of November, 1798—cannot fail to interest our readers:—

" My Lord, I am a Protestant, and I hope a sincere one. I trust in the mercies of my God. I have been miraculously preserved on many occasions, when the interposition of Providence alone appeared able to save me. I was a loyal man, until perjury gave my personal enemy the power of burning my house, and putting myself to death. I had no alternative, if I remained at home, but to meet the charge of being a united man. Although innocent, my enemy was my judge. The country was under martial law. I should have been tried by a prejudiced body, in a court-martial, a set of men excited strongly by the fervour and fury of the times—men anxious to sacrifice me to revenge an old grudge. I weighed the chances in my mind; certain death and infamy stared me in the face, if I met the charge. The chance of escape was open to me by flying to the mountains; times might alter, and men's minds become more calm, and a cool and fair investigation might be granted to me. I therefore determined to fly to the rebels. They would not receive me if I did not take their oath of confederacy; they would do more, they would have murdered me if I even hesitated to take it, nay, even if I did not demand to enter into their confederacy, and bind myself to be faithful by swearing allegiance. I did so—I took the *United Irishman's oath*. Having done so, I could not be freed from its obligations; no one could absolve it. I therefore kept it faithfully, and must and will keep it, at least those parts of it which are still binding upon me. The poor wretches who are still in the mountains are standing out for their lives; they would be glad to return to their allegiance to their king and country; they have now no political object. Before I left them I recommended them to return to their homes and occupations, and I hope they will be permitted to do so. With respect to the banditti,

who are robbing for thieving's sake, nothing will cure them but the severities of the law. My Lord, I am an unwilling rebel—a traitor in spite of my own wishes. Had I not been a rebel, I should now have been a corpse rotting in a grave, if they had condescended to grant me so great a favour. Perhaps, and very likely, the mouth which now has the honour of addressing your lordship, would have been grinning horribly on a spike over the gaol at Wicklow, or some other public place. It appears shocking, but, as the alternative was, I chose the latter course."

We cannot take leave of this admirable publication without strongly recommending a perusal of it to all our literary friends and readers; and we sincerely compliment the editor and publisher of the work on the utility of the production they have issued on the present occasion. If books like these were more frequently sent forth to the world, instead of the light trashy novels of modern days, we venture to prophesy, that publisher, author, and audience, would have ample reason to be satisfied with the speculation.

**Diary Illustrative of the Times of George the Fourth, interspersed with numerous Original Letters from the late Queen Caroline, and other Royal and Distinguished Persons. 2 vols. 8vo. Colburn.**

To the real lovers of scandal—to those whose chief occupation and delight is the discussion of, for the purpose of depreciating, the character of a neighbour,—these volumes will be found most welcome. The Editor—or Editress, we strongly suspect, has most successfully pandered to that morbid taste which is so remarkable and so prevalent amongst English old maids and fashionable newsmongers,—a taste more in vogue in London than in any other city in the civilized world. In short, the eight hundred pages before us are a sad complication—or compilation of unauthenticated scandal, disgusting detail, and demoralizing trash. The volumes themselves affect to be a Diary, illustrative of the principal domestic events connected with the life of George IV. from the year 1810 to that of 1815; and sadly disappointed we were, when, after a perusal of the flaming advertisements and tremendous puffs, with which the anonymous offspring was issued into the world, we found it to be the most complete abortion that ever came under our especial cognizance.

We will not waste our own, nor the reader's time, by giving an extract from a work neither calculated to improve nor interest a well-directed mind.

**Memoirs of an Aristocrat, and Reminiscences of the Emperor Napoleon. By a Midshipman of the Bellerophon. One vol. 8vo. pp. 341. Whittaker and Co.**

THE author of these singularly written Memoirs, as he himself informs us in a style pleasant enough for those who admire it, "is the son of an old naval officer, who had faced death and danger from Hawke's action off Brest, to the termination of the first war with our disobedient son 'Jonathan,' and who had got for his deserts a pair of half-sightless eye-balls, and half-a-crown a day, besides some twenty or thirty splinters and cutlass wounds, merely as remembrances, and was, as we say in Scotland, the heir male and representative of one of the most ancient families in the annals of Border history. Through a period of five hundred years, they had killed more than an ordinary proportion of Englishmen, even for those warlike times, and hanged every Frenchman they could lay their hands upon; they had, moreover, pilfered wherever good booty was to be found, either from friends or foes, Scotch or English," &c., &c. Whatever the name of this respectable family may be, its representative, in the present instance, is neither without humour nor talent. It is true, that the former is somewhat broad and vulgar, and savouring of the pitch-and-tar odour of a gun-room, and that the latter is more or less darkened by a very evident deficiency of education, and not unfrequently perverted taste. In a cursory glance over the work, we, however,

observed many *piquant* and original reflections, several excellent sketches of living naval officers, and some spirited descriptions of warlike encounters. On the whole, the "Memoirs of an Aristocrat" will be perused with pleasure by every *amateur* of naval tales and anecdotes connected with that gallant body of men which mans and defends the "wooden walls" of Old England. The following paragraph is replete with correct and just observations:—

"Sir Walter Scott has written many a fine tale, no doubt, that will certainly give his name to posterity, much better, I am afraid, than Lockhart's Life of him, which has divested the man of the halo his immortal works had thrown around him, and exposed him naked, with all his weaknesses, prejudices, and even vulgarities laid open. Sir Walter Scott had too much of the old school about him, and too much of the politician—I mean that petty policy, a fear of offending 'the powers that be,' 'a sort of gentleman,' to use his own words, put into the mouth of Baillie M'Wheele, 'for which he had a particular respect'—to do justice to the character of Napoleon. The proper historian of that wonderful man is probably still unborn,—the ashes upon which he trod are not yet cold,—the present generation, liberal as it is, must pass away. By those who followed him and his admirers, he is upheld as a demi-god; and by those who suffered from him he is painted as a monster, red with the blood of nations, and capable of every species of cruelty. Therefore, all the present generation must pass away, and dispassionate posterity decide his true character. Of one thing there can be no doubt—that the tremendous stir he made in the world roused up the astonished nations from their state of dormancy, and gave an impetus to the minds of men that is still actuating the kingdoms of Europe, and carrying them forward in their career of freedom and intelligence. He showed us what one little human creature like ourselves could accomplish in a span so short. The fire of his intellect communicated like electricity to all around him; and, while under its influence, men performed actions quite beyond themselves!"

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#### SCIENTIFIC.

Essays on Unexplained Phenomena. By GRAHAM HUTCHINSON, Esq., Author of "A Treatise on the Causes and Principles of Meteorological Phenomena," &c. 1 vol., 12mo., pp. 372. Glasgow: Richard Griffin & Co. London: Thomas Tegg & Son.

THE phenomena, which Mr. Hutchinson explains in this admirable and clever work, are partly geological, partly meteorological, and partly astronomical. In each branch is the author equally conversant with the nature of the subject he enters upon; and while he corrects the errors of former writers, he skilfully combats any objection which the scientific critic may raise against his argument or position. With regard to many of the opinions he offers for public consideration, we ourselves have long entertained the same views, especially in the discussion of the causes of centrifugal motion, which never were explained to our satisfaction by any commentator on the Newtonian system. As well might we believe in the *tourbillons* of Descartes, as in the commonly received opinions regarding the principles of planetary motion. The stone, that is thrown from the hand, only remains in motion so long as the force of the impulse given by the hand acts upon it. Hence no projectile velocity could be communicated in an infinite degree to the planetary bodies. The *impetus*, that originally gave them motion, must gradually subside and eventually cease. An attractive power, that is centrifugal and centripetal, may maintain a body at a certain distance from the point round which it revolves; but the united energies of those attractions will not continue it in motion. What then was, or is the cause of motion? For an answer to this question we refer our readers to the new doctrines lately promulgated by a clever lecturer in this metropolis—Dr. Paisley—whose demonstrations effec-

tually refute the theory of Newton, and open a wide field for thought and reflection.

But to return to Mr. Hutchinson's work. The most clever chapter in the volume is the one entitled "On the Inclination of the Earth's Axis from a Perpendicular Line to the Plane of its Orbit;" and it is with the theory maintained in this portion of the book that we so particularly concur.

"This inclination," says the author, "which gives rise to the different seasons of the year, has been hitherto considered the result of fixity in the position of the earth's axis, dependent upon, and regulated by, no material or physical cause. Instead of this being the case, I am inclined to think that it is the result of a slow oscillatory movement, annually performed by the earth relative to the position of the sun. And the circumstance of this being performed regularly and gradually, and taking the same time in completion that the earth takes to revolve round the sun, gives the earth's axis a fixed position in relation to the stars. \* \* \* The equinoctial points recede 50 seconds of a degree westward every year, contrary to the sun's annual progressive motion in the ecliptic. This is called the precession of the equinoxes; and it has the effect of causing the pole of the earth's axis extended into space, to describe a circle round the pole of the ecliptic as a centre, at the distance of  $23^{\circ} 28'$  from it, in the lengthened period of 25,868 years."

Our limits oblige us thus abruptly to conclude a notice of one of the most clever publications it has lately been our fortune to review. The reader will not lay it aside without having reaped a considerable degree of benefit, in a literary point of view, from its scientific pages; and every speculator in physics and natural phenomena should make himself acquainted with the substance of its valuable elucidations. It is indeed a work eminently calculated to be quoted and regarded as an authority.

#### POETRY AND FICTION.

**The Nabob's Wife.** By the Author of "Village Reminiscences."  
A Novel, in 3 vols. 8vo. Bentley.

HERE is one of those pleasant productions so welcome at this season, when the long winter's evening requires to be beguiled with an amusing volume. It is not a first-rate novel, neither is it below *par*: it is, however, considerably superior to many that have emanated from the press during the last year. It is full of interest and variety: the plot is intricate without exhibiting the slightest confusion; and the *dénouement* proves that all is an admirably connected work from the introductory page of the first volume to the concluding paragraph of the third. The scene is laid sometimes in London, sometimes in Paris,—then in Bath, Cheltenham, and Cumberland. The characters are perhaps too numerous. They are composed of lords and ladies, baronets and knights, parsons, East Indians, haughty dames of rank, and others which we encounter in the world every day. With this variety of person and of place, it is almost impossible not to be interesting; and despite of the unhandsome and unfavourable remarks one or two contemporary critics have passed upon the work, we do not hesitate to say that it is far above the scale of merit to be met with in novels of the present time.

As an extract—to give the reader an idea of the author's style—we shall quote the following description of the Nabob's wife,—the character whence the work derives its name; albeit the fair lady herself does not make her appearance on the stage until the very middle of the second volume:—

"On an ottoman of rich pink and white damask, a figure was reclining, so young and beautiful as to appear more like one of the fabled Houris of an Eastern tale than a creature of mere flesh and blood. On a cushion at her side sate a very handsome Indian boy, dressed in the costume of his country, holding in his hand an elegantly formed vase of the finest porcelain, filled with beautiful exotics, from which she was listlessly selecting a nosegay.

“ ‘Lady Melford, allow me the pleasure of introducing to you one of my earliest friends, Mr. Mordaunt,’ said Sir Thomas, turning towards his companion with a patronising air.

“Lady Melford, slightly bowing, continued with her eyes fixed upon the rose-bud in her hand, whilst the Indian page arose, made an humble salaam, and then moved to a respectful distance.

“‘Osman, the eau de Cologne,’ murmured the lady in faint accents.

“The boy instantly stepped forward with a bottle of crystal, richly cut, presenting it on an elaborately carved gold salver, to his apparently fainting mistress, whilst he gracefully sank on one knee by her side.

“‘I fear my presence is now an intrusion, since Lady Melford appears so much indisposed,’ observed Mr. Mordaunt.

“‘Not at all, Mordaunt; Lady Melford has very delicate health, and is often thus—but she will soon be better, I dare say—she is probably fatigued, having had a little rehearsal to-day.’

“‘A rehearsal!’ repeated Mr. Mordaunt in some surprise.

“‘Yes,’ instantly rejoined her ladyship, in an animated tone; fixing her eyes upon him for the first time, and throwing aside the rich cashmere in which she was enveloped, while she arose gracefully from her recumbent position; ‘yes, I have been bored to death by musical professors; surely there are no persons who have such harmonious tempers as those whose profession is harmony. I have engaged the first talent in the country for a musical party, which I purposed having this week, and they will agree to nothing that I propose. They all wish to lead—none to follow—really I am half inclined to postpone my party.’

“‘Oh, pray do not do that, my dear Lady Melford; it will be such a disappointment to all your friends, and will look so—so odd,’ said Sir Thomas, in a deprecating tone.

“‘Oh!’ exclaimed her ladyship, curling up her beautiful lip with contempt; and then, without deigning to reply to her husband, she turned towards Mr. Mordaunt, saying, ‘Do you like music?’

“‘I am extremely partial to sacred music, and am sufficiently so to music in general to enjoy a good concert occasionally.’

“‘Sacred music,’ repeated Lady Melford, in a low and melancholy voice, ‘I have never even heard, except such as has been produced by my own fingers and voice; I was brought up in a country where few things are held sacred.’

“Sir Thomas stood at some distance from his lady, playing with a little lap-dog, which occupied a velvet cushion, and casting occasional timid and furtive glances towards her, as if requesting her forbearance.

“A pause succeeded Lady Melford’s last remark, when Mr. Mordaunt arose from his seat. ‘You will come to my party on Thursday, I hope?’ said her ladyship.

“‘I fear it will not be in my power,’ replied Mr. Mordaunt.

“‘Mrs. Mordaunt and her daughters are in Bath,’ said Sir Thomas, with a look of entreaty. The look was unnecessary, for Lady Melford instantly upon hearing the words exclaimed, ‘Mrs. and Miss Mordaunts here—give me their address—I wanted something to rouse me. I will immediately call and leave an invitation along with my visiting ticket—ring and order the carriage, Osman;’ and, throwing off all appearance of languor, she now, like a pleased child, kissed her hand repeatedly to Mr. Mordaunt, as he quitted the room, followed by Sir Thomas, apparently more from a wish to avoid being alone with his lady than from politeness to his guest.”

We do not venture to predict that the “Nabob’s Wife” will be honoured with a call for a second edition; but we *do* take upon ourselves to state that it will be perused with pleasure by every *amateur* of light literature during the present season.

**The Satires and Epistles of Horace. Interpreted by DAVID HUNTER, Esq. 1 vol. 12mo. pp. 237. J. W. Parker.**

THE translations of Horace by Francis and Roscommon never appeared to us either calculated to afford a just view of the merits of the illustrious author, or to assist the student in the interpretation of the very difficult passages. A new translation was wanting, and our only regret in noticing the present work is that Mr. Hunter did not extend his labour, and favour us with the odes at the same time that he gave us the satires and epistles. Mr. Hunter's work is the most literal and faithful translation we have yet seen. The versification is as good as the difficulty in rendering certain ideas from one tongue to another would allow; the spirit of the original is admirably preserved; and an intimate acquaintance with the style and eccentricity of the poet is every where manifested throughout the volume. An occasional carelessness or haste in the composition is the greatest fault we shall bring against the book; such as—

“Nor can I hinder them, *in any case*,  
When changeful Cynthia shows her lovely face,  
From gathering *hurtful* herbs, and dead men's bones.—  
*But very lately I beheld the crones*;  
I saw Canidia, rob'd in stole of black,  
*While stream'd her flowing hair adown her back*  
With naked feet, and making *awful wail*,  
Go by with Sagana.”

Still this is much better than the perpetration of Francis, who did not scruple to write, but having written, was bold enough to print the following lines:—

“Though you drink the deep stream of the Tanais icy,  
The wife of some barbarous block-head, O Lyce!”

A slight plagiarism, with a little alteration, from Shakspeare, we noticed in our perusal of Mr. Hunter's translation. It occurs in the fifth satire—

“When shall we look upon his like again?”

The annexed paragraph we shall quote as a specimen of the faithful adherence to the text observed in the interpretation, and of the general style of the author:—

“Cæsar, since you support the weight, alone,  
Of Roman grandeur on your peerless throne;  
The potent empire with your arms defend,  
Adorn with morals, and with laws amend;—  
With long discourse your precious time to steal,  
Would be high treason to the public weal.

“Romulus, Bacchus, Leda's twins, though made  
Gods for high deeds, to whom due rites are paid;  
While each on earth employed his noble mind  
In serviceable acts for human-kind;  
Not only making deadly warfare cease,  
But founding towns and rearing arts in peace;  
With disappointed hope lamented sore  
The people's gratitude should not be more.

“He, who the dreaded Hydra overcame,  
And crush'd, as destin'd, portents known to fame,  
Found after all his difficulties o'er,  
Unbending envy fiercer than before.

Th' eclipsing splendour of a lofty mind  
 With brightness withers those it leaves behind ;  
 Nor, till extinguished in the grave, can reach  
 Men's hearts—then gains the eulogy of each !"

**Minstrel Musings.** By J. C. CARPENTER, Author of "Random Rhymes, or Lays of London," "Lays for Light Hearts," &c. &c. 1 vol. 12mo. pp. 120. Joseph Thomas, and Simpkin and Marshall.

THIS is a very pleasing little collection of poems, and amply fulfils all that Mr. Carpenter's former productions seemed to prophesy. The verse is harmonious and agreeable—the subjects diversified—and the whole bears evidence to a correct taste for poetry, the bard himself reminding us, at every page, of the truth of Horace's remark—"poeta nascitur non fit." Indeed, we are surprised that Mr. Carpenter is not more generally known; but in this age, when a succession of fortuitous circumstances make the reputation of an author much sooner than all the gigantic efforts of real but unfriended talent, we need scarcely marvel at a neglect of which we daily witness numberless unhappy instances.

In order to keep our readers in good humour with themselves at the commencement of a new year, we shall lay the following agreeable and humorous extract from "Minstrel Musings" before them :—

" QUARTER DAY.

" Come, pack up all the boxes, love—  
 'Tis useless now to stay ;  
 You know the rent is due, and we  
 Have not a pound to pay.  
 I would not heed a tailor's bill,  
 Or goods, or money lent ;—  
 You know, my dear, the people here  
 Can come and seize for rent.

" Besides, the situation, love,  
 Is really so confined—  
 The workhouse just before us, love,  
 The brewery behind !  
 And what a bad direction, too,  
 Is 'Fifteen, Greenhouse Yard ;'  
 I really am ashamed to give  
 A gentleman my card !

" We must be off directly, love,  
 The van is at the door ;  
 These vile apartments never were  
 Like what we've had before.  
 I've taken those in Regent's Park  
 At ninety pounds a-year—  
 Such civil folks—not like at all  
 The odious people here.

" How fortunate the vulgar herd  
 Are staying out of town.—  
 Be careful, Thomas, how you take  
 Those looking-glasses down !—

Well—really, now, the better plan  
Of meeting quarter-day,  
Is quietly to hire a van,  
Pack up—and run away!"

The above effusion is equal to any by Rigidum Funnidos in the Comic Almanack for 1838.

**The Cicisbeo; a Tragedy in Five Acts.** One vol. 8vo. pp. 149.  
Renshaw.

THE author of this very talented production informs us, in his preface, that "the two maxims of which he has never lost sight during the composition of this play are the following:—Never write passion which comes not sensibly from your own heart; and never, while writing, fancy your speaker on the stage, nor think of Shakspeare, and work pot-valiant upon him or any other writer. The observation of these rules," continues the author of the *Cicisbeo*, "is the only merit he lays claim to—a merit which he is at the same time fully aware is by no means enough to save his work from well-deserved neglect."

Whatever plan the rules of which the author of the *Cicisbeo* may have imposed upon himself, and however indifferent may be his opinion of his own production, we, after an attentive perusal of the same, pronounce it to be a most excellent tragedy, although not at all fitted for representation on the stage. The poetry is beautiful—in the extreme, we may almost say; and there are occasional sentiments and bursts of eloquence, to lay claim to which, would shame no bard of very superior merit. Of these we will instance a few.

Speaking of an orphan, who was left to the care of a morose and unkind uncle, but who nevertheless was treated with compassionate sympathy by that cruel guardian's daughter, the author—through the *medium* of the hero of the piece—says,—

"Verily, methinks,  
He rather bless'd the pain which drew from her  
The music of compassion!"

The hero, describing his vain and futile search after a long-lost friend, observes—

"I went to Jena, where I knew he'd been,  
And there found nothing but his name, which rather  
Seemed as a mocking echo to my questions!"

Again, how original and expressive are the following lines:—

"His heart is pure as a Castalian spring,  
Crisp'd and kept stirring by a herd of Muses,  
Now gliding, mermaid-like, in pensive mood,  
Now riotous, but frisking gracefully."

And how true is the idea, that

"to tell a man he's loved,  
Is oft to swamp the heart you'd set afloat!"

There are many fine passages in this tragedy; and if it be a first essay, as from many circumstances we fancy it is, the author need not prophesy so gloomily of himself, nor in disheartened mood imagine that "his work is doomed to well-merited neglect." Our limits prevent us from laying before the reader a detailed account of the plot, which is somewhat intricate, though fraught with incident and interest. The play does not, however, merit the title that is bestowed upon it. A *Cicisbeo*, in the true Italian sense of the word, is rather the fawning and attentive lover—a species of illegitimate representation of the shade of a husband—following a married female to the various places of resort which she visits, and acting as her adorer and

champion at the same time. Atherton—in the tragedy under notice—is the unwilling and reluctant lover of the Countess of Stromi; and in no one instance does he enact the real part of a Cicisbeo. This inadvertency in the title of the book, has, however, but little to do with the intrinsic merits of the work, and, in taking leave of it, with the encomiums it deserves, we cannot do otherwise than pronounce it a most interesting and talented production.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

Connected Essays and Tracts; being a Series of Inferences, deduced chiefly from the Principles of the most celebrated Sceptics. By HENRY O'CONNOR, Esq., Barrister at Law. One vol. 8vo. pp. 344. Dublin: Hodges and Smith. London: Whittaker and Co.

THIS truly remarkable work is divided into three portions: Firstly, "Observations on the Foundation of Morals in Human Nature;" Secondly, "A Digressive Essay upon some Metaphysical Paradoxes;" and, Thirdly, "A Treatise on the Evidences of Revelation in the Scheme of Nature." The author has descended on each of these repective heads in a manner at once calculated to impress upon our minds the conviction of his profound metaphysical knowledge, his perseverance in research, his calmness in reasoning, and his capability of discussing the most difficult problems connected with those theological controversies which at present harass the civilized world. There are some portions of this work that are written with a logical precision, and in a philosophical train of sentiment, which would not dishonour metaphysical essayists enjoying a renown equal to that established by Montaigne, Locke, or Mallebranche. As a critic, Mr. O'Connor is equally at home with his subject. His comments and remarks upon Paley, Berkeley, Cudworth, Hume, Shaftesbury, Brown, Magee, &c., are replete with argument, sound sense, and syllogistical demonstration; and while he manifests himself to be a profound philosopher, an acute observer, and an impartial critic, he evidences at the same time the temperance, the piety, the charity, and the faith of a true and sincere Christian. Our limits prevent us from entering more deeply into a discussion and examination of the doctrines contained in this work: we, however, take leave of it with a hope that it may experience the success it merits, and a conviction that it will be perused with pleasure by those whose attention to its contents this not too favourable notice may attract.

Hints on Servants. By A BACHELOR. 1 vol., 16mo., pp. 48. William Spooner.

As the author of this little volume very justly observes, although many may charge him with having shed ink on a frivolous and futile subject, still those who know the cares and anxieties of conducting a family establishment, will not, perhaps, wholly reject his endeavours to add to *the heap of bitters* a little sweetening. Indeed, the hints which have been compiled by "A Bachelor" demonstrate the utility of a condensed code of laws relative to a variety of matters connected with servants; such as the proper method of hiring them, their treatment, their duties and offices, our conduct towards strangers in behalf of servants, the liabilities of a master or mistress for the acts of a servant, the wages and perquisites of servants, &c., &c. The matter is discussed in a moral and a legal point of view; and while the author points out the obligations under which we, as Christians and co-equals in the eyes of our Maker, lie with regard to our servitors, he also reminds us of the civil enactments concocted by the legislation of man for the mutual protection and interest of domestic and master. In conclusion, let us observe that we cannot too highly recommend this cheap little publication to all our friends and readers who are either themselves at the head of establishments, or essentially interested in the domestic economy thereof.

**Conversations on Nature and Art. Second Series.** 1 vol. 12mo. pp. 432. Murray.

**Colloquies. Imaginary Conversations between a Phrenologist and the Shade of Dugald Stewart.** By J. SLADE, M.D., &c. Author of "Letters on Phrenology," &c. &c. 1 vol. 12mo pp. 336. Parbury and Co.

**L'Echo de Paris.** By M. A. P. LEPAGE. Third Edition. 1 vol. 12mo. pp. 302. Effingham Wilson.

THE first of the three books under notice is a most valuable publication for students and young men arrived at that time of life when their minds are capable of imbibing and comprehending the elements of instructive works, independent of the mere every-day schoolboy practice of learning them by heart as a species of lesson calculated only to test the powers of memory without making any deeper or more essential impression. People of mature age, in many instances, will also reap a very material benefit from the perusal of a volume in which every thing connected with the stupendous productions of nature or the imitative works of art is lucidly discussed, and rendered intelligible to the most obtuse capacity. Amongst the most remarkable of the contents of this publication, are the chapters on the "Extinct Animals of Great Britain,"—"Heraldry,"—"The Mineral Substances contained in Plants,"—and "The Plague," in all of which there is an extraordinary variety of information, and a certain occasional profundity of knowledge not usually met with in works of this kind. In the chapter entitled "The Plague," there is a curious account of the galley-slaves in France. On the whole, we cannot do otherwise than strongly recommend this book as an excellent new year's gift, and as a *recueil choisi* of information which no student nor preceptor should be without.

The "Colloquies" is a book in which we find deep research, a vast display of learning, and an intimate acquaintance with the all-absorbing subject of discussion. If phrenology be really a science, its study and practical results must introduce considerable changes into a variety of systems of metaphysics where other speculations and opinions have hitherto been regarded as demonstrations or logical solutions. The believer in phrenology may as well give credence to the theory of craniology; and both may also, with equal justice, imagine that the Great Cause of all stamped on man, at the period of his birth, the tablet on which was placed the history of his passions, his predilections, his moral impulses, his virtues, and his failings. But the discussion of the subject would lead us into an elaborate argument which we are not at present disposed to extend: let us therefore dismiss it, with the remark that the volume, whose title stands second at the head of this article, is evidently the production of a clever and deeply-read man, and that a perusal of its contents will amply reward the individual whose curiosity shall be awakened by these observations. Indeed, we have seldom met with a more learned work on the same subject, or one so eminently calculated to furnish us with new ideas in our contemplation of the presumed science of phrenology.

The third edition of M. Lepage's "Selection of Familiar Phrases, which a person would daily hear said around him if he were living amongst French people," is—as the title-page first informed us, and as our minute inspection of the contents of the book subsequently enabled us to corroborate the assertion—"considerably augmented," and contains "a vocabulary of all the words and idioms used in the work, with the elements of French grammar." It is decidedly the most complete, most efficient, and useful book of its kind, and, with its present corrections, will be found an invaluable acquisition to the library of every one desirous of making himself a speedy master of the French language.

Anglo-India; Social, Moral, and Political; being a Collection of Papers from the Asiatic Journal. 3 vols. 8vo. Allen and Co.

THERE is scarcely a more useful periodical than the one whence these amusing and instructive sketches are extracted; and its rapidly increasing popularity bears the most ample testimony to our assertion. The *Asiatic Journal* is, indeed, an admirable publication; and we are much pleased at thus having found an opportunity of noticing its merits.

The work before us is subdivided into three portions, under the different heads of "Society and Manners"—"Tales and Fictions"—and "Biography." The most remarkable papers in the first compartment are, "The Bench and the Bar of India," and "Dialogue between a Brahmin and a European;" in the second—"The Reminiscences of an old Indian Officer," and "The Family of Perrault;" and in the third we especially noticed the biographical memoirs of Lord Teignmouth, Ram Mohun Roy, and Farazdak. But in thus selecting those articles which principally struck our fancy and excited our warmest interest, we do not mean to cast the slightest shade over the remainder. With one or two trivial exceptions—such as the "Mermaid, an Eastern Tale," and "The Sword of Antar," which are much below *par*—the work comprises an admirable selection of the very best papers that have lately appeared in the Magazine whence they are reprinted; and, as a whole, it cannot fail to amuse and edify a large portion of readers.

From one of our favourite papers—the life of Ram Mohun Roy, the honour of whose acquaintance we ourselves enjoyed five or six years ago, during his residence at Rignolle's Hotel in Calais—we select the following extract, which, we have no doubt, will induce our readers to peruse the original work with a more lively interest:—

"For a few years past, the court of Delhi has evinced much dissatisfaction at the conduct of the Indian Government, in relation to certain alleged pecuniary claims. The Emperor considered himself entitled to a large increase of allowance, owing to a favourable bargain made by the Company with his Majesty, in respect to lands in the vicinity of Delhi, assigned for the maintenance of the palace, which, under the Company's management, yielded a revenue much larger in amount than the Delhi ministers could realize for their master's treasury. To this surplus, or a portion of it, the Emperor laid claim. The matter had been fully considered at home (by the Board of Control as well as the Court of Directors), and it was determined that the Mogul received all that he agreed to accept, and all that he was entitled to, in law or equity. The necessities of the Emperor, however, determined him to try the experiment of an appeal to the king of England; and in the year 1829 he made overtures to Ram Mohun Roy, proposing that he should proceed to England, as the Mogul's ambassador or envoy, with full powers to manage the negotiation, or rather appeal, in the name of the nominal emperor of Hindostan, who conferred upon Ram Mohun the title of 'Rajah.' The selection evinced great judgment on the part of the court of Delhi. No individual could have conducted the affair better, and there was no impropriety or informality in conferring the office of ambassador upon a Hindu, the descendant of a family heretofore connected with the Mussulman courts of India. The supreme government of India, to which Ram Mohun communicated the fact of his appointment, refused to recognise his character of envoy, or his title (though he has been invariably treated by the Indian authorities with much attention), both being conferred, if not in defiance, at least without consulting the wishes, of the British government. Official documents were applied for; these, we believe, were refused, and some are said to have been procured surreptitiously from the government offices.

"The announcement of his intention of going to Europe by sea (he at first intended to travel over land) excited much speculation amongst his countrymen. Interest, vanity, a desire to be gazed at, even an inclination to taste

the supposed luxuries of Europe, were assigned by his enemies as the real motive of a resolution which they could not ascribe to laudable curiosity or disinterested philanthropy. Those Europeans who resided at Calcutta in the months of October and November, 1830, must remember how much the matter was talked of there. On the 15th of the last-mentioned month, Rajah Ram Mohun Roy, with his son, Ram Roy, left his native land, in the *Albion*, bound for Liverpool. He took with him his own servants, in order that there might be no impediment, on the passage or in England, to his conforming to the rules of his caste, which was not violated, he contended, by such a journey. The vessel touched at the Cape (in January), and arrived, on the 8th of April, 1831, at Liverpool, where Ram Mohun Roy landed the same day, and set off for London.

"His arrival in the metropolis, where he was well known by fame, excited much interest. It was a critical period, too, when the nation was wrought into a state of political ecstasy on the subject of the Reform Bill. His official character brought him at once into communication with the ministers, who recognised his embassy and his title, and by this means, as well as by the intrinsic recommendations of his fame and character, he mixed with the highest circles. The Court of Directors of the East India Company, though they did not recede from their determination, treated him with honour. He was entertained at a dinner, on the 6th of July, in the name of the Company, at the City of London Tavern. In September he was presented to the king."

**Observations upon Political and Social Reform, with a Sketch of the Various and Conflicting Theories of Modern Political Economists. London National Community Friendly Society.**

This tract, small though it be, is replete with useful observations, and will be found particularly acceptable to "Working Men and Wealth-Producers of every Class," to which laborious portion of society it is especially addressed. It demonstrates the necessity and advantages of union in all communities—it exemplifies the folly and the wickedness of those sudden altercations and secessions from labour so frequently occurring at the present day amongst the operatives in England—and proves that an uninterrupted confraternity of artizans may not only acquire wealth and importance by the pacific junction of their individual and social interests, but may also lay the foundation of a system of happiness and contentment similar to that which prevails amongst the community of Rappites, or in the colony of Zoar in the United States. The author of this little pamphlet assures those, to whom he addresses himself, that they are mistaken in their ideas relative to the origin of their poverty and indigence; and that such evils neither proceed from their "corrupt nature," nor from the results of a too highly refined state of civilization. Religionists and politicians both err, infers the author, in their explanation of this difficult problem; and, as a solution of the mystery, he says—"My friends! the time and money which you spend in *political contention*, and 'useless strikes,' would carry **ANNUALLY** several hundreds of your unemployed or ill-employed brethren into peaceful and successful community. Be ye, then, no longer the tools of hollow and selfish **POLITICIANS**—their interest is not your interest! If they court your favour, it is that you may carry them on your shoulders to *place* and *emolument*. Take then 'your own affairs into your own hands,' club your means together, and institute for yourselves, as the Socialists of Manchester are preparing to do, **INDUSTRIAL COMMUNITIES.**"

With such judicious remarks the author of this very intelligent little *brochure* winds up the subject; and in recommending a perusal of the pamphlet to every artizan and operative holding a subordinate situation, we merely fulfil that duty which the nature of the publication under notice imposes upon the impartial critic and the true philanthropist.

## MONTHLY SUMMARY OF SCIENCE AND THE SOCIETIES.

THE daily increasing public opinion in favour of the introduction of some plan for the moral and intellectual education of the great mass of the people, renders it tolerably certain that before another year some means for supplying this desideratum will be taken by the government. The introduction of a Bill into the House of Peers by Lord Brougham is the first step towards the fulfilment of the plan, and, as might have been expected, its principles and details have raised much discussion in the various scientific and educational institutions not only of the metropolis, but of the whole kingdom. However much pleasure an examination of the points in debate might afford, this is not the place for discussing them; but, the conclusion which, in the majority of instances, appears to have been arrived at is,—that calling for an adhesion to the dogmas of the established church would cause the failure of any scheme of which it formed a part. For a system of education to become truly national it must not possess a characteristic which would be a virtual exclusion of that large body who dissent,—none may say how wisely or the reverse,—from the established faith. It must not attempt to force the inculcation of any *one* system of belief,—but, by inspiring the youthful minds submitted to its influence, with a knowledge and a love of the great and enduring principles of truth,—instilling an enlightened and expanding love and reverence of the Supreme Being, united with a conviction of the truth and policy of the great moral axiom—To do to others as you would they should do unto you—prepare the supple mind for the appreciation of the solemn mysteries which it is the duty of the chosen teachers of each different religious sect to inculcate. Each devotee may not be in the true path, but an all-wise and beneficent Creator will not despise the homage of a sincere heart, whatever the clime, the colour, or the creed, of its possessor.

The past month offers many subjects for consideration and remark in the circle of the various sciences.

In **GEOGRAPHY** the most interesting communication of the month has been that received from Lieutenants Gray and Lushington, who, it will be recollected, started in July last upon an expedition to the North West Coast of Australia, at the instance of the Geographical Society. On their outward voyage they touched at Bahia, Brazil, and conveyed from that place many useful plants to the Cape of Good Hope, where they will be of great service, more particularly the yam of South America, which will afford a supply of food when the potatoe crop fails, which is not unfrequently the case. Upon leaving the Cape, they bore with them to the shores of New Holland all the most useful plants of the tropical parts of South America, including the cotton plant; together with a selection of seeds from the Island of Teneriffe, and from the Cape of Good Hope. The party intend also to introduce into Australia, horses, goats, cocoa-nut trees and fruit trees from the island of Timor; locating the plants and turning the different animals loose, in the situations best adapted for them. An expedition having such objects in view must enlist in its behalf the admiration and best wishes of all who desire the well-being of the great family of man. How much more noble are the purposes for which this vessel nears the unvisited shores of North-western Australia,—than were those which bore the able but cruel and unprincipled Pizarro to the land of the Incas, to exchange with the quiet, industrious, and hospitable natives, the vices of civilization, not untinctured by disease and death, for the gold which tempted the invader to his unholy course in the new world just opened to him. The entrance of civilized man into a rude country has, with perhaps the single exception of the founding of Pennsylvania, always been accompanied by an exhibition of power and cruelty on the one hand, echoed by suffering and

hatred on the other. May the case of the poor and helpless natives of the North-west coast of Australia offer another bright exception to the rule—and the importation to their land of the grateful plants and useful animals of more favoured countries prove the forerunner of increased comfort and peaceful and happy civilization.

The colonized portion of New South Wales is rapidly increasing in wealth, and it will doubtless cause surprise in many to learn that the amount of revenue for one quarter ending 30th of June, 1837, was £85,199 1s. 3d. ; being between three and four hundred thousand a year.

According to papers from this colony, the governor has been applied to by Baron de Thierry for assistance in recovering the possession of 40,000 acres of land in New Zealand, which had been purchased by the baron in 1820, for thirty-six axes ; but he not having taken possession of his grant, the natives sold it to another person, properly regarding the bargain as nullified by the non-cultivator of the land.

**RAILWAYS** are progressing in Europe, as brother Jonathan declares them to be in the States. On the 23rd of December the railroad called the Emperor Ferdinand's North Way was to be opened from its Vienna termination in the Prater ; the Hyde Park of the Austrian capital. The Emperor was expected to be present, and the carriages will on Sundays carry passengers at very low fares. A plan has been laid before the government for a line which is intended to commence at Leipzig, and pass through Bransdorf, Altenburg, Zwickau, Werdau, Moschwitz, Reinsdorf, and so on to Wiedersberg. It will pass near the coal mines of Zwickau, and connect the north and south of eastern Germany. The Venice and Milan railway is proceeding very favourably, workmen being busy on various parts of the line. The general evenness of level of the great plain of Lombardy will tend, in no slight degree, to facilitate the completion of the works.

**GEOLOGY.—Earthquakes.**—A slight earthquake has recently been felt in Spain, and by a letter from Croatia, it would appear that on the 1st of October loud rumblings were heard under foot, and other signs were noticed of a similar phenomenon. The writer of the account says, “The cattle were hurrying in all directions, the wild animals entered even into the very streets of the city, and the birds of prey settled on our roofs and allowed themselves to be taken without resistance. The would-be-wise and fortune-tellers, of whom we have an over-abundance, predicted the end of the world, or, at the very least, some very great revolution of nature. On the 6th of October, about three o'clock, a loud noise similar to a discharge of artillery was heard, and the earth trembled. The alarm was now general, and people quitted their houses, and even the city, and fled to the open country. The bells rung of their own accord, and many houses were overturned. These reports continued at intervals of half an hour or an hour till the evening ; during the night they occurred at longer intervals, and the trembling of the earth was less powerful. On the morning of the 7th two reports were heard, and the motion of the earth then ceased altogether. The air became cooler, and a north wind began to blow. The barometer was 28° 4' 10", and the thermometer at 7° above zero. Fortunately, no lives were lost by the falling of the houses, but three women and two children have died from fright, and more than sixty persons are suffering seriously from fear and exposure to the weather. Letters from different parts of the country announce that the noise was heard and the shocks felt throughout the extent of Croatia, and that much damage has been done and many lives lost.”—**Coals.**—Veins of good coal have just been discovered in France, near St. Martin-la-Garenne. The celebrated Dolourieu searched for coals in this neighbourhood without success in 1792, its presence having been suggested to him by the discovery of several layers of bituminous earth. M. Garnier has been more fortunate, having found the coal immediately under a layer of plastic clay, of a green or grey colour. The district bears strong marks of violent convulsions.—**Sounding Mountain.**—The fol-

lowing description is copied verbatim from a letter addressed by Lieutenant Welstead, dated Mount Sinai, Sept. 26, 1836, and published in the Journal of the Asiatic Society, Bengal.—“ You know you expressed a wish to know something of the *Djibbel Nurcone*, or sounding mountain, concerning which there has been so much doubt and discussion in Europe. I visited it on my way here—it is situated on the sea-shore, about eight miles from Tor.—A solid slope of the finest drift sand extends on the sea face from the base to the summit (about 600 feet) at an angle of about 40° with the horizon. This is encircled or rather semicircled, if the term is allowable, by a ridge of sand-stone rocks rising up in the pointed pinnacle, and presenting little surface adapted for forming an echo. It is remarkable that there are several other slopes similar to this, but the sounding or rumbling, as it has been called, is confined to this alone. We dismounted from our camels, and remained at the base, while a Bedouin scrambled up. We did not hear the sound until he had attained a considerable height; the sound then began rolling down, and it commenced in a strain resembling the first faint notes of an *Æolian harp*, or the fingers wetted and drawn over glass, increasing in loudness as the sand reached the base, when it was almost equal to thunder. It caused the rock on which we were seated to vibrate, and our frightened camels (animals, you know, not easily alarmed) to start off. I was perfectly astounded, as was Captain M. and the rest of the party. I had visited it before in the winter month, but the sound was then so faint as to be barely evident, but now the scorching heat of the sun had dried the sand and permitted it to roll down in large quantities. I cannot now form the most remote conjecture as to the cause of it. We must not, I find, now refer it to the sand falling into a hollow; that might produce a sound, but could never cause the prolonged vibrations, as it were, of some huge harp string. I shall not venture on any speculation, but having carefully noted the facts, I shall lay them, on my arrival in England, before some wiser head than my own, and see if he can make any thing out of them.”—*Fossil Forest*.—At more than 100 feet below the surface, a species of forest has been found at St. Valery; in it are vines, the bones of oxen, and antlers of deer. It is in such good preservation, that the walnuts are on the branches of the trees.—*Geology of Bretagne*.—A remarkably accurate and detailed memoir has been sent to the French Academy of Sciences, by M. Paillette, concerning the geology of the western part of the province of Bretagne. This gentleman having held an official situation in the mining districts of France, has profited by the opportunities thus offered him to a great extent, and given the most exact mineral topography of several cantons of complicated structure, with a fidelity and patience which will prove of much benefit to science. Besides the memoir, there are four excellent geological maps laid down with the utmost precision, and one of the conclusions to which M. Paillette has been led is, that all rocks of igneous origin have accidentally modified the sedimentary soils, according to circumstances which are unknown. The modifications produced by granite are a crystalline appearance, a developement of the characteristics of talc, and the formation of garnets, staurotides; and those occasioned by porphyry are generally simple induration, sonorousness, and feldspathick injections. To this memoir M. Paillette has added a series of the most ingenious experiments, by which he wishes to prove the agency of electro-chemical phenomena in the daily formation of minerals in the different veins of Bretagne, and the academy have requested him to continue his observations, in the full persuasion that they may lead to good results.

The ANTIQUITIES of an interesting portion of Ireland have received much elucidation at a recent meeting of the Royal Irish Academy. For the purpose of rendering more accurate and complete the ordnance map of Meath, translations were made of all the Irish MSS. which could be found relating to the subject. The most valuable were two poems and a prose tract, compositions of the tenth, eleventh, and twelfth centuries. One of the poems is the produc-

tion of Cinaeth O'Hartigan, who was chief historian of the northern half of Ireland, and died in 975 ; the other is the work of Cuan O'Lochain, who, after having been chief poet and lawgiver of his country, was killed in 1024. The prose tract is of a date prior to the twelfth century, and very copious in its descriptive details : the whole of the MSS. are properly authenticated. From a comparison of the accounts given, by these documents, with the monuments still in existence, not only all the remaining vestiges have been identified, but the localities of several other monuments have been so far determined as to furnish full materials for the construction of a ground plan exhibiting a restoration of the whole. As a striking instance of the historic interest possessed by these remnants of antiquity, it has been clearly proved that the obeliscal pillar, at Tara hill, which now serves as a headstone to the grave of the rebels who fell here in 1798, is the celebrated *Lia Fail*, or coronation stone of the Irish kings, which was supposed to have been carried to Scotland by the Dalriadic colony in 503, and thence to have been brought by Edward the First into England, and placed under the coronation chair of the English monarchs ; a situation which it now occupies, as every visitor to Westminster Abbey must recollect. Although this discovery goes to shear the time-honoured coronation seat of a portion of its antique interest, it still holds good its claim to having been held sacred as the seat of the Scottish kings, and loses only the reputation which was claimed for it of having performed, at a still earlier period, a similar office in Ireland.

METEOROLOGY will receive assistance from a new Rain gauge, which registers the amount of rain which falls when the wind is in different points. It is the contrivance of the Rev. T. Knox, and very simple. The water, instead of descending from the reservoir directly into the tube of registry,—passes through a lateral tube into an annular-shaped vessel, divided into eight compartments ; each of which terminates below in a graduated glass tube. It is obvious, then, that if the eight tubes be set to correspond with the cardinal and intermediate points, and the reservoir be made to revolve on a vertical axis by means of a vane, the direction of which corresponds with that of the lateral tube, the object proposed will be attained.

THE STATISTICS of Education have well and usefully occupied a portion of the attention of the Statistical Society. A committee has been appointed to prosecute enquiries, and a report was read on the results of an investigation into five parishes in Westminster. The details are valuable, but would occupy too much space for insertion here ; but the general deductions show,—that the generality of schools are badly ventilated and possess no grounds for exercise ;—that the teachers are very inadequately paid, and have much difficulty in collecting the money due to them ;—that none of the schools afford industrial employments of any kind ;—that the majority of teachers are not fitted for the office ;—that although a comparison with Manchester and Liverpool is favourable to this district, yet the means of education it contains are totally inadequate to the moral and intellectual wants of the population. The population of the parishes in 1831, was 42,996, and of these only 3764 acquire any degree of really useful and intellectual instruction. The system of teaching is almost always mechanical, cramping the natural energies of the mind, creating a distaste for study, and for the acquirement of knowledge in after years, and entirely failing to produce any religious or moral influence over the dispositions and character of the pupils.

#### FINE ARTS.

WE have received the Seventh Number of Mr. W. B. Cooke's " Illustrations of Rome and its Surrounding Scenery," and cannot sufficiently eulogise the work. In the present *livraison* there are, as usual, three drawings, from sketches by Payne, Crome, and Colonel Cockburn. The first is a beautiful representation of the castle and bridge of Saint Angelo, with the grand dis-

play of fireworks from the summit of the castle, and the illumination of Saint Peter's in the distance. The effect is grand and striking; and the artist has succeeded in compassing a most difficult aim, *a merveille*. The second engraving is a View of the Temple of Antoninus and Faustina; the third is the Upper Corridor of the Coliseum. Both are executed with great taste and skill; but the *chef d'œuvre* of the three is the one first noticed; both with regard to subject and execution. The superb *feu d'artifice* therein represented, consisting of thousands of rockets, is called a *Girandola*.

We have also received from Mr. Grieve, a beautiful little drawing of Saint Bernard's Well and Dean Bridge Water of Leith, Edinburgh. It is executed with considerable taste, and successfully demonstrates the capabilities of zinc for book illustrations, &c. The effect is a peculiar softness never conveyed to paper by a steel engraving.

We lately visited the splendid exhibition of Bronzes, belonging to Mr. Butt, at No. 16, Old Bond Street, and seldom passed an hour more agreeably than in the inspection of those wonderful productions of art. They are decidedly the finest specimens we ever saw, and are well worthy the consideration of those whose tastes would prompt them to adorn their houses with the most striking ornaments that can be procured. The collection consists of an immense assemblage of the most classic statues, busts, groups, animals, vases, fountains, candelabra, &c. The importation of such a collection of works of art speaks well for the encouragement and patronage bestowed upon the "*beaux arts*" in this country; it indicates a vast improvement in the tastes of our wealthy citizens, and even of our patrician families, inasmuch as the generally frivolous objects which formerly decorated the *salons* and *boudoirs* of their mansions are now being replaced by such classic and purely beautiful ornaments as those in the exhibition to which we allude. Many of the Bacchanalian groups are singularly clever; indeed, it would be impossible, with our limits, to do justice to this truly valuable and *unique* collection, were we to attempt the task.

#### LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

It is with great pleasure that we draw the attention of our readers to a very handsome volume, lately published by Mrs. Henry Mason, and entitled "The New Musical Annual." This lady, whose talent in composition was sufficiently demonstrated in her publication of last year, "The Musical Souvenir," has here produced a work more likely to prove popular than even its predecessor, which contained passages too elaborate for general performers. In the present elegant volume, we find the names of Miss Pardoe, Miss Roscoe, and Sorelli the Florentine, among the poets, as well as a Mr. Johns, whose name, although new, is welcome to us; for his ballads give goodly promise of future excellence.

In preparation, a History of the Fossil Fruits and Seeds of the London Clay, by James Scott Bowerbank, F. G. S. The subject of this new, and, to Geologists more particularly, highly interesting work has been the peculiar study of Mr. Bowerbank for many years, during which time more than 120,000 specimens have passed through his hands. The work will be illustrated by as many species as can with certainty be determined, drawn and engraved by Mr. James de Cail Sowerby. Also a geographical and comparative list of the birds of Europe and North America, by Charles Lucian Bonaparte, Prince of Musignano.

Pedro of Castile, a Poem in Six Cantos. By — Shepherd, Esq. Murray.  
 The Illustrator Illustrated. By the Author of the Curiosities of Literature.  
 The Illustrated Bible. Dedicated to the Queen. Smith, Elder, & Co.  
 Life of Sir Walter Scott. Vol. VI. Murray, and Whittaker.  
 Plain Advice on Making of Wills. By John H. Brady. A. Maxwell.  
 Historical Memoirs of the Reigns of the Queens of England. Commencing with the 12th Century. By Hannah Laurence. E. Moxon.





*The Ambassador's Ball.*



*The Execution of the Parricide.*